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16 JUNE, 1894

The Outlook

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EDITORIAL:

The Week..... 1085-1088
- Coal-Miners' Strike
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- State Bank Tax
- State Political Conventions
- Bimetallism
- Police Investigation
- England and France, etc., etc.

The Coal Strike..... 1089
Ultimate Superiority..... 1089
An American Scholar (Professor Whitney)..... 1090
"If Christ Came to Chicago".. 1091
Each Man's Gauge (Home)..... 1101

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

Colorado Mining Troubles..... 1092
By W. A. Platt
Henry Drummond..... 1093
By H. C. Shelley
A Thomas Hardy Choir..... 1095
By R. Owen
Woman's Congress at Midwinter Fair..... 1098
By Helen Campbell
Tell Me a Story..... 1101
By Nora A. Smith
Daisies..... 1102
By H. D. Leeming
The Fate of Nineteen Cats..... 1105
By K. N. Birdsall

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:

Christianity Supernatural..... 1107
A Sermon by Lyman Abbott
The Life of Christ—I..... 1109
By Lyman Abbott
Y. M. C. A. World's Convention 1113
Presbyterian League..... 1113
Echoes from the Assembly..... 1114
Home Missionary Meeting..... 1114

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Truth of the Christian Religion (Kaftan)..... 1110
Samuel Longfellow, etc., etc ... 1110

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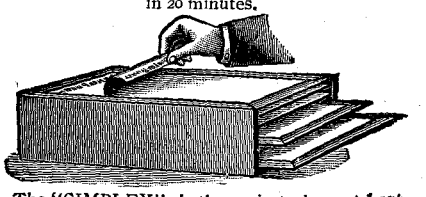

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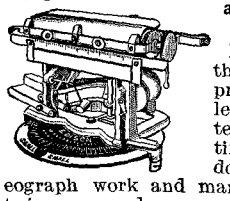

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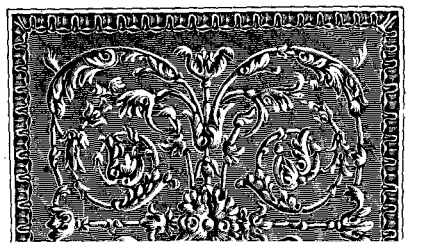

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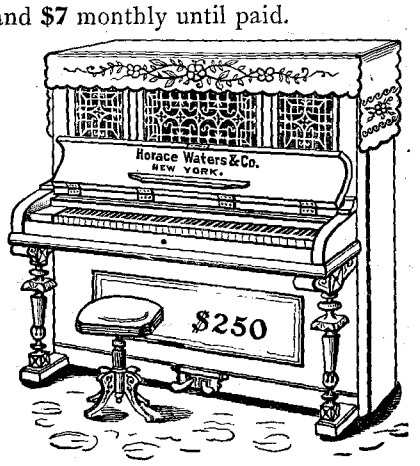

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NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 49. For Week ending 16 June, 1894 Number 24

The Week

THE first important change in the coal-miners' strike last week was the decision of the men to attempt settlements by districts instead of awaiting a National settlement. This decision was presently followed by the convening of a conference at Columbus, Ohio, at which an agreement was reached for most of the mines of Ohio, Indiana, northern Illinois, and western Pennsylvania. The men gain an advance of fifteen cents a ton, but accept ten cents a ton less than the old rate. As is usual in such cases, the leaders of the Union were anxious to effect a settlement, but the less responsible rank and file kept up the cry of "no compromise." The amount of violence in different States was even greater last week than the week before. The stopping of coal trains and the maltreating of non-striking workmen were the most common offenses. In Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois the militia has been needed. Several men—all of them strikers—have been killed in the conflicts with the authorities. In another column the editor of the Colorado Springs "Gazette" gives an account of the alarming situation in that State. The miners, in their statement of the case, published in the Denver "News," make no attempt to deny their armed resistance of the Sheriff, whose six hundred deputies, recruited by the mine-owners from the large cities, they denounce as "Pinkertons." The chief contention of the miners is that the conflict began as a lockout when the richer companies extended the hours of work from eight to nine with no advance in wages. When Governor Waite called out the militia, he refused to place it under the control of the Sheriff who had enrolled the deputies, but ordered his Adjutant-General to keep the command. The deputies were not allowed to make arrests on the ground that the militia alone could settle the conflict without bloodshed. Order was promptly restored, and an agreement was reached by arbitration that the old rate of wages should again be paid for eight hours' work, and no discrimination be made between union and non-union men.

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When the sugar schedules were voted upon in the Senate, the Democratic members voted for protection and the Republican members against it. When the McKinley Bill was passed, the Sugar Trust was as yet incomplete, and the Republican Congressmen excused the twenty per cent. protection they gave the sugar refiners on the ground that it was needed by the refineries which were "fighting" the Trust. After the passage of the bill all these outside refineries joined the Trust, and the Democratic majority in the House decided that no protection at all was needed. When the Democratic Senators—at the dictation of the protectionists among them—agreed to give the Trust five per cent. protection, the Republican Senators promptly took the position of the House Democrats, and voted that the Trust should no longer be protected against foreign competition, but that the people should be protected by foreign competition against the Trust's extortion. The Populist Senators and Mr. Hill voted with the Republicans on this issue, and the Trust won by a majority of only three votes. This, however, was the Trust's less important triumph. One of the amendments included in the Gorman-Brice compromise deferred the new tariff on sugar from the first of next month to the first of next year. During this interim the sugar refineries can buy unlimited quantities of untaxed raw sugar, and thereafter can sell it to consumers, protected by the new tariff imposed. As this new tariff amounts to 40 per cent. on raw sugar (45 per cent. on refined sugar), and the price of sugar to the public is practically certain to advance the full amount of the duty, the gain of the Sugar Trust through this postponement is estimated as high as thirty million dollars. As Senator Teller showed, this postponement of the tax was made all the worse by reason of the fact that the Treasury is in need of revenue. The Sugar Trust seems to be the only gainer. Yet every Democratic Senator except Mr. Hill, and one of the Populist Senators, voted to give the Trust this indefensible extension of time, in which to "stock up" against an inevitable advance in prices. It is to be hoped that the Democrats in the House will stand out against the consummation of this iniquity.

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Another plank in the Democratic platform was last week repudiated. By a vote of 172 to 102, the House rejected the proposition to repeal the ten per cent. tax on State bank notes. All of the votes in favor of repeal were, of course, cast by Democrats, but 75 Democrats voted against repeal, and 41 were absent when the vote was taken. Mr. Harter, of Ohio, who was mainly responsible for the insertion into the Chicago platform of the pledge to repeal this tax, called upon the anti-silver men of the East to vote for repeal in order to end the silver agitation, but his appeal was almost entirely fruitless. General Tracey, of New York, the Administration leader in the fight for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act, was the only prominent Eastern Democrat who voted to authorize the expansion of the currency through State bank issues. All but eight of the votes for this proposition came from the South. It was noticeable that nearly every Southern Democrat who last fall voted to suspend the limited issue of silver currency voted to authorize the unlimited issue of bank-note currency. Chairman Wilson, of West Virginia, the author of the Sherman Act Repeal Bill, was among this number. Some of the Southern Democrats are disposed to claim that they supported the suspension of the silver issues with the understanding that the platform pledge to repeal the tax on State bank notes was to be

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redeemed. There is little evidence, however, that any one was duped in this way who was not willing to be. When the repeal of the State bank tax was before the last Congress, about one-half of the Democratic members opposed it, and the adoption of the remarkable plank at Chicago seems to have been mainly a campaign device to side-track the silver issue. What was most noticeable about last week's repudiation of the platform pledge was that it attracted so little notice.

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Republican State Conventions were held last week in Maine, Ohio, and Kansas. The Kansas Convention significantly refused to indorse either prohibition or woman's suffrage. In each of these conventions, however, the most noteworthy thing was the disposition of the silver question. The Maine Convention pronounced against "monometallism, either of gold or silver," and declared in favor of "international bimetallism, to be secured by all suitable means and the most strenuous efforts of National power." Ohio went further yet in demanding the restoration of silver to the currency. The plank adopted read as follows: "We favor bimetallism. Silver as well as gold is one of the great products of the United States. Its coinage and use as a circulating medium should be steadily maintained and constantly encouraged by the National Government; and we advocate such a policy as will, by discriminating legislation or otherwise, most speedily restore silver to its rightful place as a money metal." The Kansas declaration, though confused in statement, seems to favor the free coinage of the American product. Its wording is: "The interests of the producers of the country, its farmers and its workingmen, demand that the mints be opened to the coinage of silver of the mines of the United States, and that Congress should enact a law levying a tax on importation of foreign silver sufficient to fully protect the products of our own mines."

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These declarations in favor of a return to bimetallism—so remarkable as coming from the party whose representatives in Congress last fall voted 123 to 31 for the unconditional repeal of its own silver coinage law—are not the only recent indications of a disposition on the part of the Republicans to oppose the monometallist policy of the Democratic Administration. Several weeks ago Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution that discriminating duties be levied against the products of all nations which refuse to enter into an international agreement for the free coinage of silver. Last week Representative Blair, of New Hampshire (ex-Senator), introduced into the House a resolution in favor of another international conference, to be held with the understanding that if international action is not agreed upon, national action shall be taken to restore silver to the currency. But more important than either of these resolutions is the interview with ex-Speaker Reed published in London. Without question—one might almost say, without a second—Mr. Reed is the Republican leader in the House of Representatives. He is also something more than a Presidential possibility. In this interview he takes the position that silver and the tariff must be regarded "not as two issues, but as one." His reasoning is somewhat difficult to follow, but his main idea is that the cheapness of silver makes it easier for Europe to buy from silver-using countries, and so stimulates exports from Asia while retarding exports from our own country. To check this tendency he urges that protectionists should direct the tariff policy so as to injure those nations whose hostility to silver lessens its price, and so increases Indian exports while decreasing American. The political economy of this statement may be foggy, but the politics of it is clear enough. The fall in the price of products since the establishment of international gold-monometallism has strengthened bimetallism all over the country.

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The testimony before the Lexow Committee as to the corruption of the New York police is rapidly becoming overwhelming in quantity and in its substantial agreement with well-known facts. Witness after witness has sworn directly to paying money for "protection" to the captains and "ward-men," giving names and dates and identifying the men accused. Other witnesses have, when on the stand, refused to testify to what they had already privately told the Committee's counsel; the fear thus displayed and the reckless stultification they have been driven to are in themselves negative evidence of a forcible kind. It may now be regarded as established by a great body of proof that for years the captains of police districts have dealt with the owners of disreputable houses and unlicensed saloons through their familiar official agents, the ward-men, and sometimes even face to face with the blackmailed persons; that it has been a regular and understood thing that these criminals might secure immunity on payment of, usually, $500 "initiation fee" and $50 a month. The ward-men are permitted to accompany the captains when the latter are removed from one district to another, and while the captains have seemed to think they possessed a vested interest in crime—"vested," probably, because they have paid round sums to corrupt Commissioners to get their offices—the ward-men have been the farmers of the vile revenue and the universal go-betweens for official corruption and blackmailed vice. Some of the more ignorant victim-criminals testified that they considered it a regular and semi-legal thing to pay for a "permit;" and the whole traffic has been so systematized, its channels so well known, that only almost incredible moral blindness or indifference on the part of the public can account for its long continuance.

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Much of the evidence before the Committee is even more convincing by its side-lights and necessary implications than by its main facts. Nothing has been more striking, for instance, than the tacit admissions of State Senator and Civil Justice Roesch, who went on the stand to deny imputations on his conduct, and ended by unconsciously giving a typical picture of the Tammany district leader, office-holder, and lawyer, who deals with politics and crime combined. Thus, he indignantly denied that he took $100 from a keeper of a disreputable house to procure immunity from the police, but admitted that he took the money as a "general retainer," that he never drew papers, or appeared in court, or had anything to do with any specific case for his client, but that he did give the client a card which would enable her, in case her inmates were arrested, to get them out on bail. And he stoutly maintained that he could always distinguish in his actions between his capacities as lawyer, Tammany district leader, Civil Justice, and so on. Perhaps his "clients," however, do not understand the Pooh-Bah theory, and paid the lawyer for the district leader's "influence." Dr. Parkhurst's manly appeal to the honest patrolmen to help bring to justice the "thieves and blackmailers" who disgrace the force ought to bear fruit in breaking the "vicious despotism" of the system. The talked-of investigation by the Police Commissioners has been postponed, at the request of the Lexow Committee. The Board of Commissioners, in the general public opinion, is too much tainted itself by these charges to be a proper judicial body to examine them. Mr. Croker's sudden departure for Europe in the

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midst of this investigation has created something of a sensation.

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In the New York State Constitutional Convention the two most prominent features of last week were the hearing on the suffrage question of women representing the State outside of New York City, and the beginning of the discussion on State appropriations to sectarian objects. At the first hearing the attendance was large, the interest great, and the petitions presented numerously signed; but the addresses, though almost universally able, brought forward little if anything that was new. Only the pro-woman-suffrage side was presented. The argument on the sectarian school question was also from one side only—that which favors Mr. Holl's proposed amendment that

"No law shall be passed respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, nor shall the State, or any county, city, town, village, or other civil division, use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation or otherwise, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding, by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or in any other manner, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking, which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

Mr. William Allen Butler, Bishop Doane, of Albany, the Rev. Dr. James M. King, and others, argued forcibly for the adoption of the principles involved in this amendment —principles which The Outlook, we need hardly say, fully accepts and deems essential to the true interests of both Church and State. The appropriation of public money for sectarian purposes is wholly indefensible; the question of taxing church property is a separate one, on both sides of which much may be said, and into which we need not here enter. Dr. King pointed out that in twenty-three States there are now laws against the appropriation of public-school money for sectarian schools, and that in this State, in seventeen towns and cities, the school fund is now being divided between public and sectarian schools. "Such a compromise," he added, "means a surrender of principles on both sides." Mr. George Bliss and Mr. Frederic Coudert are to be heard for the other side next week. The Committee on Cities listened to President Seth Low, of Columbia, on the "Home Rule" question. Mr. Low urged that the Constitution should define closely the matters in regard to which the cities should and should not be subject to the Legislature. He made three formal propositions, the last of which we give entire, for it has a good deal more than local importance:

"In the matter of public franchises, at the present time a city can only say 'yes' or 'no' to what somebody wants to do. Its situation ought to be exactly reversed. It ought to be able to say: 'We want such and such a thing done. What will you do it for?' The Constitution should declare that every privilege covering the right to use the streets, either on, above, or below ground, whether crossing them or passing along them, should be the property of the city. The Constitution should forbid any city to part with the fee of such a franchise, and should limit to a moderate term of years, say twenty or thirty, the time within which such a franchise should run without re-adjustment of terms. The well-known principles of the ground lease, as exemplified in New York City's dealings with its ferry franchises, indicates clearly the method. A city should be permitted, by a vote of its people, to do for itself anything that requires a public franchise in order to be done."

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The Constitutional Commission in Louisiana has reported to the Legislature the amendments it has agreed upon. Several of these are of National interest. Among the judicial reforms proposed is the authorization of the Legislature to provide that less than twelve members of a jury may bring in a verdict. This change, so far, at least, as it relates to civil suits, has for a long time been growing in favor in all parts of the country. That it should be recommended by the Constitutional Commission in so conservative a State as Louisiana indicates that it will be widely adopted in the near future. The property involved in a civil suit is as likely to be the due of the plaintiff as of the defendant, and it is manifestly unjust that the plaintiff should be deprived of rights which nine, ten, and even eleven men upon the jury believe to be his. Another proposed constitutional amendment of much importance permits school districts to increase their taxation for school purposes by a majority vote of their property-holders. The exclusion of non-property-holders from the right to vote at such elections introduces the third important amendment offered by the Commission. This changes the electoral qualifications, and requires every voter to have prepaid a poll tax and to be able to read and write, or to possess property assessed at more than $200. In California a somewhat similar Constitutional amendment is one of the nine to be submitted to the voters of that State at the coming election. The California amendment, however, proposes no property qualification, and permits all present voters to retain the suffrage. Such a provision seems to be much more in accord with the spirit of democracy, which demands that questions affecting the whole public should be submitted to the whole public, and that citizens should not be disfranchised except through some fault of their own. The requirement that no new citizens, whether alien or native, should be enfranchised unless able to read and write the English language, seems to us eminently reasonable. But the proposal that a large and helpless class of present citizens should be deprived of what little political protection they now possess seems to us a step backward rather than a step forward.

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A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that the Massachusetts bill permitting the introduction of the Norwegian system does not permit the proposed companies to use their surplus profits for the enrichment of the stockholders. The surplus is merely to protect the stockholders against loss in case the system is abandoned. The bill has been modified by reducing the rate of interest from 5 to 4 per cent. This change removes the objection that the investment offered is "attractive" to private capitalists. The question is, therefore, narrowed down to this: Will public sentiment more quickly suppress dram-shops if the profits therefrom are used to support public charities? The experience of the past with systems of licensing admitted evils seems to us to indicate that to whatever extent they yield profit, to that extent they impede reform. At the same time, this Norwegian bill must be regarded, not as an independent measure, but as part of a comprehensive system to deal with the liquor business; the other, and an essential part of the scheme, is local option, by which, in any community, the traffic can be absolutely prohibited if there is sufficient public sentiment to carry prohibition. In short, the scheme is, first, local prohibition; second, no large private profits in localities where prohibition is impossible.

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We have received at this office a third package of lottery tickets forwarded us by some subscriber asked to act as agent. Each package has come from a different lottery company. The last package comes from New Orleans, the company sending it calling itself the "Louisiana Grand Lottery Company." The circulars closely resemble those sent out from Kansas City, Kan. Agents are, of course, instructed to forward money by express. In Kansas City,

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Kan., we are glad to note that the anti-lottery agitation is being vigorously pushed forward. A committee of the Ministers' Alliance—of which the Rev. J. G. Dougherty is the Secretary—has sent over the State several admirable circulars setting forth the conditions and the dangers. It appears that there are at least nine lottery companies now operating from Kansas City, and that "one of the larger concerns pays the express company $7,000 a month for its services." One of the circulars says:

"Connected with these lotteries are the names of some of our prominent citizens. The presses of our daily paper and of one of our weekly papers are used for the printing of circulars for the lotteries, and so the papers are not giving their support in our fight against this crime. A large number of persons are given employment—twenty-two girls at one time in the employ of one of these concerns, eleven men in the express office where one woman used to do the business before these swindlers, shut out from the mails, crowded the express with their correspondence. So, also, those who rent rooms to these lawbreakers, those bankers who use their money and permit their names to be used as references, the lawyers who take retaining fees to help the criminals escape the penalties of the law violated, and the politicians who, for a consideration, make fair speeches about the foul business—all these, with their friends, make it quite impossible for the well-disposed citizens to take care of this great and growing evil. This is the more difficult because the immediate profits of the evil come to this city in these hard times, and the losses are widespread—not specially seen or felt here. Hence we appeal to the State at large."

The State of Kansas prohibits lotteries in its Constitution, but the statute enacted supposedly to enforce this prohibition is void, for the reason that its contents are not expressed in its title. The agitation is not only for a new State law, but also for the passage of the pending United States law forbidding all inter-State traffic in lottery matter. One of the circulars well states that "our Kansas lotteries will be ready to affirm a most stringent law against the sale of lottery tickets in Kansas, if only they are permitted to reach out into all the States for their unrighteous gains."

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The International Temperance Congress, held in Prohibition Park, Staten Island, commemorated the ninetieth birthday of General Neal Dow. Mr. Joseph Cook's oration in honor of the Maine pioneer was largely devoted to the history of the Prohibition movement. It began, he said, with John Wesley's denunciation of the liquor traffic in 1760, and since that day every generation had witnessed some marked increase in its power. With the enactment of the Maine Law in 1851, political forces began to be brought into harmony with moral and religious forces; and with the formation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in 1874, and the enfranchisement of women in Colorado in 1893, the political movement received a re-enforcement which made success inevitable. To Neal Dow, more than to any other one man, the glory of the conflict belonged. When General Dow rose to respond, he was greeted with cheer upon cheer. He said that he could not answer the words that had been spoken of him. "They have not been deserved." His address was devoted to the triumph of prohibition in the changed social and moral condition of Maine. He predicted its triumph throughout the country whenever the Church is awakened. Apart from the reception to General Dow, the chief event of the Congress was the warm welcome given to Governor Tillman, of South Carolina. Governor Tillman explained the dispensary system, and told how it had replaced 813 saloons with 66 dispensaries, in which there was no treating and no selling of liquors to be drunk on the premises. He asked the audience how many of them would be willing to support the establishment of such a system, and a majority stood up. This declaration of readiness on the part of Prohibitionists to accept the half-a-loaf of public control is another sign of the possible union of the Prohibitionists and the Populists upon a common reform platform.

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The outburst of feeling against England in France, upon which we commented last week, and which is drawn out by the gains of England in Africa under the new agreement with Belgium, has taken the form of some very strong speeches in the French Chamber of Deputies and of official complaints and protests addressed by the French Government to the English Government. The speech of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, is reported to have been so violent in its denunciation of England that, if addressed to a country of less steady nerve, it would be interpreted almost as a menace of war. In these days, however, when the consequences of war are apprehended with so much intelligence and seriousness, temperamental differences between races are taken into account. The English do not readily take fire, and they understand the French so well that they are not alarmed by a sudden outbreak of heated discussion in the Chamber of Deputies. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs protests against the Anglo-Belgian agreement on the ground, first, that the Congo State has exceeded its rights in the concessions it has made to England; second, that those concessions involve a flagrant disregard of the sovereignty of the Sultan over certain territories and violate the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; and, thirdly, that the interests of France are involved in the agreement without the consent of that country. The substantial gain which England makes under the new agreement, and which the French are reluctant to have her make, is the opening of a right of way through the whole length of Africa from the Soudan country to the Cape. In view of the present condition of the Dark Continent, this is likely to be a matter of immense importance, and the French, who are competitors with the English at many points in Africa, are anxious to defeat the convention, and are endeavoring to do so on more than one ground. If their own protests do not avail (and they are not likely to receive anything more than courteous diplomatic attention), they hope to make something of the question of the infringement of the Sultan's rights, because this may involve the question of the English occupation of Egypt—another sore point with the French. The French agitation is likely to accomplish nothing more than to afford political capital for some French public men in the approaching campaign. So far as the matter of moral right is concerned, neither England nor France nor any other of the Great Powers would be able to justify its action in Africa.

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General News.—The Italian Ministry, under the lead of Signor Crispi, has resigned, but the King has refused to accept the resignations, and as we go to press no definite action has been taken. The Cabinet crisis in Hungary, reported at length in these columns last week, still continues, no agreement having been reached as yet between the Emperor and Dr. Wekerle.——The Sultan of Morocco, Muley Hassan, died on June 7; his son, Muley Abdul, succeeds.——In the Oregon election last week nearly one-half of all the votes cast were Republican, and nearly two-thirds of the remainder were Populist. In the newly elected Legislature the Republicans have an overwhelming majority, insuring the election of a Republican to the United States Senate to succeed Senator Dolph.——In Louisiana the sugar-planters have held a convention to protest against the substitution of a forty per cent. tariff for a two cents a pound (eighty per cent.) bounty; strongly protection resolutions were adopted.——In Cali-

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fornia there is much excitement over the claim entered by the United States Senate against the Stanford estate, because of the liability of the shareholders of the Central Pacific for the debt of that road to the Government. The collection of the entire claim would deprive the Leland Stanford, Jr., University of its endowment.——The referendum in Switzerland upon the question of a constitutional guarantee of the right to work resulted in the defeat of the proposal by a majority of nearly four to one. ——A summary of the proposed Constitution for Hawaii has just reached this country. Among the leading features are these: The Government is to be called "The Republic of Hawaii." There will be a President, but no Vice-President; a Cabinet of four Ministers; an Advisory Council of fifteen members; and a Legislature, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives, sitting separately, and each composed of only fifteen members. All voters must be able to read and write the English or Hawaiian language; electors of Senators must possess property valued at $4,000, or a yearly income of $600. Aliens who wish to naturalize must be able to read and write English, have property to the value of $200, and renounce foreign allegiance; but exception is made in favor of aliens who have aided the Provisional Government.

The Coal Strike

We give elsewhere a statement of the latest facts respecting the great coal strike, so far as we can gather them from the newspapers; and we also give, on another page, a report, from a contributor, of the conditions in Colorado, where the labor war assumed the most threatening aspect, though it has now ended in peace and compromise.

There is something to be said for the doctrine that coal, oil, and other minerals stored in the earth are not properly subjects of private property, and should be owned, controlled, and managed by the State—at least this proposition is a legitimate one for consideration. But nothing whatever can be said for the doctrine that mines purchased and owned under the law by one set of men should be controlled by another set of men; nothing whatever can be said for the doctrine that the men who happen to be engaged in the work of taking minerals out of the earth should be permitted to determine whether or not other men may engage in the same work, and to enforce their decree by arms. Indeed, this proposition is so preposterous that no one would venture to affirm it—in words; but this is what the miners have been affirming in deeds in all the coal-mining States of the Union. They have surrounded the mines with armed bodies of men; they have taken possession of railroads and railroad trains; they have stopped other men from taking the coal out of the ground, and from transporting it to the regions where it is needed; and they have done this without any pretense of any other authority than their own will. So long as this state of things continues, the only question for the people of the United States is, Shall the laws be maintained? The laws of any State are the constitutional expression of the will of the majority of the people of that State. The question presented in all the coal-mining States of the Union to-day is, Shall the majority govern, or shall they submit to the will of an irresponsible minority? And until this question is settled, and settled aright, there is no other question which can legitimately be even considered.

We do not undertake to sit in judgment on the action of the Governors of these several States. There are several reasons for our refusing so to do. In the first place, under our American system, the action of the Governor of the State must necessarily be slow. Under the centralized system of France or Germany, the chief executive sends the military to repress disorder at his own will and on a moment's call. In America he cannot. He must wait for satisfactory evidence that the powers of the local officers have been exhausted, and a justifiable slowness may sometimes seem unjustifiable to an impatient public. Moreover, for our knowledge of the facts we are dependent upon newspaper reports, which are always fragmentary and contradictory, and which are very generally colored by party prejudice; for, unfortunately, most party journals are not able to report the action of a Governor, who necessarily represents a great political party, without so presenting that action as either, on the one hand, to commend, or, on the other hand, to condemn it. It must suffice, therefore, here simply to say, in general terms, that there ought to be no compromises with a mob, and no other delays in dealing with it than such as are rendered necessary by the laws of the State, to which the Governor is subject no less than the private citizen.

We have never concealed our opinion that the industrial organization of this close of the nineteenth century is far from perfect, and demands radical changes. We have maintained that the railroad is not to be treated as private property, but as a public highway, and that the railroad corporation is the servant of the public and subject to a legislative and judicial control such as cannot be exercised over purely private industries; and this opinion, for which The Outlook has contended for many years, has now been recognized as just, and in some measure is incorporated into the law of the land by Congressional, legislative, and judicial action. We believe that, on somewhat similar grounds, the mines will in the future be brought under a regulation, if not a control, by the State, such as the State is not called to exercise over purely private industries. In England all gold ore, wherever found, belongs to the Queen, and can be taken out of the ground only upon payment of a royalty. We believe this law is founded upon sound economic principles, and that it may legitimately be extended to other contents of the earth; but, if so, it must be extended by the majority, acting through peaceful and constitutional methods. Nothing can justify the organization of a mob to take forcible possession of what the law recognizes as private property, and drive the owners from it. Ownership means control. And so long as the laws of the State recognize mines as private property, so long the people of the State are under the highest obligation to preserve that property from every form of violence.

Ultimate Superiority

Not long ago the editor of one of the leading periodicals in this country was endeavoring to make up a list of possible contributors to a series of articles demanding from their writers intellectual achievement of a very high order and a certain ripeness and maturity of mind which should give their words authority. He found it impossible to complete his list. Going over the leading names in every department, he found a host of able, earnest, active, and useful men, but very few men who were philosophically grounded in their work, and who were able to speak, not only from an active experience, but from a profound philosophical knowledge of the principles with which they were dealing. Any one who has had occasion to make an intellectual map of the United States has soon recognized this condition of things. The country is full of earnest, capable,

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and effective men, but it is singularly deficient in leaders of thought, men who go to the bottom of things; who stand for what is ripest, richest, and deepest in their several spheres. The pressing needs of the country in its present stage of development are largely responsible for this diversion of talent from meditative and philosophical lines into active, working directions; but there is also another cause, which may be removed, and that is the lack of fit conditions.

It may be said without injustice that America produces a greater number of agile, keen, and talented men than England, but that England produces a greater number of really able men than America. In an unusually suggestive article contrasting English and American home life in the May number of the "Forum," Mr. Price Collier calls attention to the care which is given to securing the best conditions for securing the highest efficiency of Englishmen as workers. The competition in that country is so severe that men train themselves for success in their various vocations as systematically and intelligently as young men train themselves in athletics. They insist on having the very best conditions for the highest bodily and intellectual efficiency, and the English home is largely organized in order that the man who is at the head of it may have the largest earning capacity and the best possible conditions for his own growth. Economy is rigidly and unhesitatingly practiced, without the slightest show of concealment or the slightest sense of embarrassment, from the Queen down to the bottom of English society, for the sake of securing these conditions. It is distinctly recognized in that country that if a man is to do anything in a large and thorough way, he must have leisure; and leisure is provided for him, if it has to be done by saving the candle-ends. Everything is directed to secure this result. Such men as Gladstone, Balfour, Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery, to mention typical cases, are, so to speak, "regularly groomed and kept in condition, physically and mentally, for their arduous duties." They are constantly taking holidays; every bit of work that can be delegated is taken out of their hands; and everything is done for them to give them comfort, ease, and leisure. Almost every Englishman of note has two or three, and sometimes half a dozen, avocations besides his vocation, and he attends to these as religiously as to his professional work. Mr. Gladstone is a standing illustration of the many-sided man who does not allow himself to run dry or wear out in a single pursuit, but who has constantly enriched himself by wide culture. Mr. Balfour is a philosophical thinker of no small caliber, and one of the best golf-players in England. Lord Rosebery is immensely interested in horses. Mr. Chamberlain grows orchids.

Almost every Englishman of note has some hobby, specialty, or avocation—something which takes him out of the routine of his work and gives him variety and freshness. Moreover, every Englishman looks forward to his vacation, and permits nothing to interfere with it. The English public man works on the long plan. He aims, that is, to keep himself at the highest degree of efficiency for thirty or forty years together, and does not mean to expend himself in a single spurt at the start. He aims to have leisure enough to master his department and to become an authority in it, and not simply an active, useful, but, in a sense, superficial worker. To achieve this result certain conditions must be secured, and these conditions he insists upon. When Mr. Gladstone proposed that Parliament should sit on Saturday, there was an immense outcry. Parliament rated a leisure Saturday as quite as important as the Imperial business which Mr. Gladstone wished to push through; and Parliament was right. What we need in this country is wider margins, more time to study, to think, to master first principles, and to refresh ourselves by contact with nature, by travel, and by study. The bright, active man can be easily trained, but the able man is the product of slow and fruitful years. We shall not have many such men until we are willing to give them more time, to exact less from them, to recognize their need of rest, and to demand from them not so much immediate service as ultimate superiority.

An American Scholar

Professor William Dwight Whitney, whose portrait appears on the title-page of The Outlook this week, and who died at his home in New Haven on Wednesday of last week, was one of the most distinguished scholars that this country has so far given to the world. He was not only the foremost American philologist, but he was one of the leading philologists of his time. A country which does not often breed scholars of his quality and rank found in him not only a product of American conditions of the finest nature, but also the promise of that higher and richer cultivation of the future which is already being fulfilled in the advent of many young men into the higher fields of scholarship. Professor Whitney came of excellent New England stock, and was born in Northampton, a town associated with more than one man of notable character and ability. The conspicuous business ability and integrity of the father took new forms in Professor Whitney and his brothers. One of the latter is a professor in Harvard University, another is one of the heads of the Boston Public Library, a third is a professor in Beloit College, while Professor Whitney's sister formerly had an important department at Smith College. The sons of the elder Whitney were the heirs, therefore, not only of a considerable material prosperity, but of a very generous endowment of talent. Professor Whitney prepared for college at Northampton, and entered the class of 1845 at Williams College, graduating at the head of his class, and selecting as the subject of his valedictory "Literary Biography." During his college course he showed great interest in natural history, but upon graduation was still undecided as to his profession. He entered temporarily his father's bank and remained there three years, during which time he devoted his leisure to the study of natural history and of the languages, but he was rapidly disclosing his strong bent toward philology, and was giving special attention to the study of Sanscrit.

In order to prosecute his studies to greater advantage, in 1850 Professor Whitney went to Germany and spent three years in study at different universities, returning home to accept the professorship of Sanscrit in Yale College, entering upon his duties in August, 1854, and remaining in the service of the College until the day of his death. His nearly forty years of academic work were notable for a tireless industry, indefatigable research, and constant productivity. His knowledge of languages, ancient and modern, was very great, and was enlarged by constant study. That study bore fruit in series of text-books, in translations, lectures, and important contributions to philology. Among the latter the lectures on "Language and the Study of Language" and "The Life and Growth of Language" hold a first place. These books are known among scholars the world over, and have been translated into many of the leading modern languages. Professor Whitney was also a constant contributor to magazines and

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journals, he aided in founding the American Philological Association and was its first President, and he furnished many leading articles for encyclopædias. Thirty years ago he gave large assistance in the preparation of a new edition of Webster's Dictionary, and he was the editor-in-chief of the Century Dictionary. His scholarship was recognized by the foremost institutions of learning in many countries, Breslau, St. Andrew's, Harvard, and other institutions conferring upon him their honorary degrees. He was a man of notable courtesy and of almost unlimited working power, carefully apportioning his time and making the best possible use of it. Kindly by nature, helpful by the practice of a lifetime, genial and agreeable in manner, he was a very attractive man personally, a great lover of out-of-door life, and a charming companion. He was one of those Americans who, to recall Agassiz's phrase, was too busy to make money; but he immensely enriched his country by his contributions to scholarship and by a life devoted with tireless energy and with unswerving fidelity to the things of the mind.

"If Christ Came to Chicago"

Mr. Stead, in his book so entitled, considers what Christ would find if he should come to Chicago. But Christ has come to Chicago, and Mr. Stead has failed to discover him there. That is perhaps not strange; for Christ always works in quiet, unsensational ways, dealing not with the surface of life, but with its sources. He still acts upon the principle that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation. When he was on the earth, men did not know that he had come; they did not perceive his presence, nor understand his methods, nor realize the power of his work. John the Baptist, a prisoner by the Dead Sea, wondered whether the Christ had come or the world was to wait for some other. The very disciples who followed Christ did not comprehend him, and wondered why he did not begin his work, while all the time he was carrying it on. So it is not strange that Mr. Stead has visited Chicago and not discovered that Christ had been there before him and was busily at work there.

Mr. Stead's book should be entitled "The Devil Has Come to Chicago." That is very true. He has come, and is very busy in Chicago, early and late, exercising his one virtue: for he is always diligent in his business. And Mr. Stead has got on the track of the devil, and has discovered and depicted his abodes and his works of darkness very effectively. But there is no city in the world, probably, in which Christian men and women are doing more, and, in the main, more wisely, to counteract the works of the devil than the city of Chicago. And this Mr. Stead has not seen; at least has not described. In Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" the Interpreter shows Christian a fire on which the Devil is pouring water, and the more water he pours the brighter burns the fire. This Christian does not understand until the Interpreter takes him behind the partition and there shows him an angel secretly feeding the flames with oil. Mr. Stead has seen, or at least he causes his readers to see, only the Devil's side of the partition. There is another side; there are in Chicago angels of light, and many of them, feeding the purer and better life of the people; and the evidence of it is that, despite the works of the Devil, Chicago grows in grace as well as in population. Bad as it is in many ways, as are all our American cities, it is also better than it was; in this respect also like most of our American cities.

But though Mr. Stead's book is almost wholly dark—not entirely, for he permits rays of sunlight to shine across his picture here and there; he is too experienced an artist to shut them out altogether—it is graphic and true. He has made a study of the dark side of the most characteristic of American cities, and has told without reserve what he has seen. There is nothing salacious or prurient in his book. It does not minister to an idle or a depraved curiosity. Its light is the light of God's judgment day shining in on the dark places of vice and sin. He is bold to audacity, and absolutely uncompromising. He hates hypocrisy and deception, and most of all that commonest form of hypocrisy, self-deception. His book is one to make men angry, because it is unsparing of the higher and more reputable forms of sin, and justly holds selfish greed in honored forms and eminent places responsible for the vice and degradation that hides away from common sight. It is not as fair, and, in our judgment, therefore not likely to be permanently as effective, a book as "Darkness and Daylight in New York," which it recalls; it is more sensational, and for that reason less enduringly and truly influential. But we are glad that Mr. Stead has written it, and we hope that not Chicago only, but other cities as well, will read it and take its lessons to heart.

Editorial Notes

—They have a summary way of settling strikes in China. We quote from a news item: "Thousands of Chinese artisans repairing the imperial buildings in Pekin are reported to have struck for higher wages. The strikers will be arraigned for treason, and the most active leaders will be strangled."

—Imperfect and contradictory reports of a sermon preached by Dr. Lyman Abbott on Sunday evening, June 3, on the recent action of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga, are circulating about the country. We shall give a substantially complete report of this address from the stenographer's notes in our next issue.

—Men of speculative mind cannot fail to be interested in the coincidence, more than once noticed in our local history, between the presence of an investigating committee and the necessity on the part of some local politician of searching for health abroad. Academies of medicine might do well to study this interesting phenomena with a view to finding out the connection between the two.

—Contrary to the general belief, the Indians in the United States are (according to Dr. Dorchester, ex-Superintendent of Indian Education) holding their own in numbers, the decline having been checked. Wherever civilized and reasonable methods of treatment have been given the fairest chance, the physical and moral improvement has been marked.

—The noble dignity with which Mr. Gladstone represented the English State was brought to the minds of many last week when the present English Premier, amid the shouts of tens of thousands, led his victorious horse off the race-course at the Derby. The contrast between Mr. Gladstone devoting himself to the translation of Horace while his eyes are recovering from the recent operation, and Lord Rosebery's appearance on the turf, is suggestive.

—We have received a number of letters concerning woman's suffrage, some approving, some criticising, the position of The Outlook; but as both substantially repeat the arguments which we have already presented, we do not take the space to print them. We have considered whether the suffrage is a right which the community is bound to recognize, and whether it is a duty which woman, whether reluctant or not, is bound to assume. The question whether it is expedient, all things considered, for her to share the functions of government with her brethren is one which we do not propose to discuss for the present, though we may take it up at a later period.

—The chagrin felt at the injuries to our crack cruiser Columbia has now been somewhat effaced by the speed developed by her sister ship, the Minneapolis. Notwithstanding the poor quality of fuel used, no such time has ever before been approached at the preliminary trial of a war-ship. While the maintained speed approximated 22.26 knots an hour, at one time the log indicated 23.25 knots. When the Minneapolis has her acceptance-test between Cape Porpoise and Cape Ann, every quarter-knot which she makes over a minimum of 21 knots will be worth $50,000 in premiums to her. In a four hours' test run over this course the Columbia made an average of 22.81 knots, thus earning $350,000 for her builders.

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The Colorado Mining Troubles

By W. A. Platt

Editor Colorado Springs "Gazette"

THE trouble in the Cripple Creek mining district began early in March. Some of the mines had been running eight hours, and some nine hours, and the general rate of pay was $3 a day. The Miners' Union decided that the day must consist of eight hours, the men to have twenty minutes out of that for lunch, and to be paid $3 a day. Most of the mine-owners declined to give the terms demanded, and decided to close their mines rather than work them at such a cost. There was some talk about bringing in miners from outside who would work nine hours for $3, and the strikers seized two of the principal mines, the Victor and the Isabella, and refused to give possession of them to the owners.

The next move on the part of the mine-owners was to get an injunction from the district court commanding the strikers to render up to its lawful owners the property they had seized. The Sheriff enlisted a force of deputies and attempted to carry out the order of the court. This he was prevented from doing because his force was insufficient to overcome the strikers. He therefore called upon the Governor for aid. This application was at first refused, but upon hearing a report that the Sheriff had been killed by the strikers, the Governor ordered out all the State militia on March 15. Two days were consumed in getting the militia to the scene of action.

During all this time the strikers protested that they were not acting unlawfully, and were only defending their homes against assault. They said that if the Sheriff had any warrants he could serve them peaceably and without resistance on their part.

When the Governor heard that the Sheriff had not been killed, he was very angry, as he alleged that he had been deceived, and on the morning of the 19th the troops were all ordered away, and the strikers were left in possession of the mines which they had seized. They allowed the Sheriff to come in and serve a number of warrants, and the arrested men were brought to Colorado Springs. When the cases came to trial, it was found to be impossible to get evidence that would secure conviction. The witnesses who could have given testimony either disappeared or were afraid to tell what they knew, and the result was an acquittal. Ever since that time the strikers have held possession of all the mines on Bull Hill, and, recently, of nearly all the important mines in the district. Of course the output of gold has almost entirely ceased, and business has suffered both at Cripple Creek and Colorado Springs.

About the 20th of May the miners heard that a serious attempt was to be made by the mine-owners and the authorities to get possession of the property in their hands. They therefore went to work and fortified Bull Hill, which is naturally an extremely strong military position, being a high, steep, rounded eminence, bare on all sides, and affording no cover for an attacking force. They had been collecting arms and ammunition, and during the last week in May they raided the town of Cripple Creek, which is about two miles west of Bull Hill, and took all the arms and ammunition they could find there.

The strikers had been correctly informed of the intention of the authorities. A force of deputy sheriffs, about two hundred and fifty strong, was sent up by way of Florence, and on May 24 skirmishing began near Victor, a new town about two miles south of Bull Hill. One of the deputies was killed, and two of the strikers. The next day the strikers went to the shaft-house of the Strong mine, and captured all the men there except three, who would not come above ground when requested to do so. On their refusal, the strikers put dynamite in the mouth of the mine and blew it up. It was supposed that the imprisoned men had been killed, as a matter of course; but next day they came out alive, and were taken prisoners by the strikers.

This Strong mine was one whose owner had compromised with the strikers when the other mine-owners would not, and was working on a schedule of $3.25 for a nine-hour day. What the motive of the strikers was in destroying this particular shaft-house, belonging to a man who had showed himself unusually friendly to them, cannot be told. The President of the Union, John Calderwood, says that it was not done by his direction; but as all the other movements that have been made have been directed by him, and as he, of course, refused to give up the men who did the deed, he is certainly *particeps criminis*, if not the instigator of the deed.

On the evening of that day, May 25, a monster mass-meeting was held in the North Park in Colorado Springs, at which addresses were made by leading citizens, and strong resolutions were adopted, pledging the citizens to assist the county authorities by every means in their power, and urging them to spare no effort or expense to vindicate the law and suppress the insurrection.

From that time to this enlistment has been going on, and to-day (June 7) the Sheriff has more than a thousand men ready for action. Several efforts have been made to compromise the trouble without the shedding of more blood, two of which efforts are especially noteworthy. The first of these was made by President Slocum, of Colorado College, who, with several others representing the labor unions of Colorado Springs, went up to Bull Hill on Sunday, May 27, and had a conference with Calderwood and the other leaders of the strikers. Mr. Slocum suggested that two arbitrators be appointed by the strikers, two by the mine-owners, the four to choose a fifth, and try to effect a compromise. The strikers appointed their two men, but none were appointed on the other side, and the attempt fell through. It was felt by the mine-owners and by the citizens of Colorado Springs generally that the time for compromise was past; that the question at issue was no longer one of hours and wages, between the miners and the mine-owners, but a question of the maintenance of law and order, in which there could be no compromise without a confession that the county was unable to protect its citizens.

The second attempt at settlement was made by Governor Waite and Messrs. Hagerman and Moffat, two of the mine-owners who represent large interests in the camp. The Governor had been up to Bull Hill on the morning of Saturday, June 2, in conference with the leaders of the strike, and, being in full sympathy with them, had obtained from them the power to treat for them with the mine-owners and the county authorities. He came down to Colorado Springs Saturday evening, bringing with him as his guest and under his protection John Calderwood, the principal leader of the strikers. Here he had a conference with several of the mine-owners, and insisted, on the part of the strikers, that there should be no prosecution for past offenses, that the working day should consist of eight hours, at $3 a day, and that none but union miners should be employed. These terms were regarded as preposterous, and were refused; whereupon the Governor went on to Denver, taking Calderwood with him.

On Sunday he succeeded in hiding Calderwood effectually from the Sheriff, who went to Denver to take him in custody. On Monday he asked Mr. Hagerman to come to Denver to confer with him and Mr. Moffat. Monday night these parties met, in separate rooms, and drew up an agreement on the basis of $3 for eight hours' work, no distinction to be made between union and non-union men, and no assurance that there should be no prosecutions. When this agreement had been signed, the Governor issued a proclamation calling upon all citizens of El Paso County to lay down their arms, and called out the militia to enforce his order.

The militia were delayed by washouts on the railroads, and succeeded in getting away from Colorado Springs only yesterday evening. It is expected that they will

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reach the camp to-day, and that the strikers will lay down their arms and allow the militia to take peaceable possession of the mines. The principal mine-owners have agreed to the same terms that were made by Messrs. Hagerman and Moffat, provided they are put in possession of their property and the law is vindicated. The telegraph will have informed you whether this plan has been carried out.

During the early part of the strike the sympathy of a large part of the people was with the strikers. Members of labor unions, especially, hoped that the miners would succeed in their contention for an eight-hour day. It was not until there had been actual fighting between the strikers and the deputy sheriffs, and the Strong shaft-house had been blown up, that the real nature of the affair became clearly apparent. None of the labor unions would countenance the wanton destruction of property and life, and when it became evident that the question at issue was whether the law should be upheld, or a large part of the county should be given over to armed violence, all were united in the determination to support the lawful authorities.

To tell of all the outrages that were committed on persons and property by the strikers would exceed the limits of a single short article. Houses were raided, stores were looted, men were torn from their families in the dead of night and told to leave the camp at once under penalty of death. In short, the whole district was completely terrorized. It has been a terrible crisis; but if things turn out as is now expected, peace and prosperity will come again before The Outlook of June 16 is off the press.

Colorado Springs, June 7.

Professor Henry Drummond

By H. C. Shelley

I shall never forget my first meeting with Professor Henry Drummond. The occasion, and his environments, were, as I now know, thoroughly typical of the man. It happened that I was in bondage to an editor who had prescience enough to see that any utterance from the lips of the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was good "copy" for a religious paper, and as he had got wind that the Professor was to deliver an address at a certain meeting, I was commissioned to be the ear for his readers. It was a dark winter night, and the discovery of the place of meeting taxed my geographical resources to their utmost. My final directions guided me by the side of a darkling canal, amid wharves and warehouses which unpleasantly recalled Quilp and his tragic end. It seemed that my destination was the hall of some Sailors' Mission or other, the entrance to which was up a perilous flight of stairs, and the atmosphere of which was not redolent of sea breezes. Here, amid a motley audience of toil-stained and homely people, I was to set eyes for the first time on the brilliant author. But what was he like? What kind of man had I gone out to see? There was no chairman that I could make out, with his formal introductions of the various speakers, and so I had to spot my bird as best I could. By and by a tall, somewhat slim man, of a bearing which bespoke the perfect gentleman, arose, and began to talk in a fascinating manner of a visit he had paid to Mr. Moody. Before many sentences were uttered I caught the ring of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and for a few moments my gaze was fixed upon the speaker instead of my note-book. Tall and somewhat slim, as I have said, dressed and bearing himself like a perfect gentleman; a head finely molded, a forehead of unusual breadth and height, eyes of magnetic power with light-points of sparkling brilliance; hair, mustache, and side-whiskers of delicate texture and fair of hue—such was my first physiognomic impression of Professor Drummond.

Six years ago it surprised me to find such a man at such a meeting; it would not surprise me now. Few public teachers act so thoroughly in the spirit of the precept, "Hide your life, but show your wit." Professor Drummond likes to do his work as quietly as possible. In his native Scotland he is rarely seen at great public meetings, not because he is not asked to take part in them, but because he prefers the by-paths of platform life. For several years he threw himself heartily into the task of lecturing for his numerous ministerial friends, but even that department of oratorical activity knows him no more. "I've served my apprenticeship to lecturing," he remarked to me one day. "I did it every night, but I gave it up because I found that it did not amount to much." I sometimes think that the institution of the reporter has played a large part in driving Professor Drummond into his shell. It would be wrong to say that he hates the reporter, for I don't believe he is capable of hatred towards any man; but it is quite allowable to say that he hates reports. If you can promise him that your meeting will not be reported, you have won half the battle in securing him as a speaker.

Professor Drummond is thoroughly consistent in his dislike of the publicity of which his fame has made him the victim; in his case it is a real penalty. Several years ago I happened to hold the post of acting editor on a northern religious paper, and at one time we presented our readers with a monthly supplement in the form of a portrait of some religious teacher or other. We began the series with the renowned Principal of one of the Scottish universities, whose name begins with the letter "C," and it was our intention to follow it up with a portrait of Professor Drummond. A few days, however, after the first of the series was published I received a beseeching letter from Mr. Drummond, couched in the following terms: "Just seen C——, a most excellent piece of work. But it revives an awful threat you made to go on from *C* to *D*. Now I want to beg you in all seriousness not to do that. Goodness knows I am sick enough of myself without that further humiliation. But, apart from all that, I am known to be one of the supporters of the 'M—— C——,' and this kind of log-rolling won't do. If any expense to the paper has been already incurred, I will pay it a dozen times, but you really must choose another victim. I ask this as a personal favor, if you will not listen to other argument, and I rely on your humoring me in this even though it be against your conviction." Of a piece with the spirit of this letter was the characteristic estimate he gave of himself in the course of conversation one day. When the paper above referred to was on the eve of starting, I urged him to undertake the chief editorship, mainly on the ground that he would rally around it a great number of the most enthusiastic young spirits. He rejoined: "You make a great mistake, I assure you. I'm thought to be a kind of harmless lunatic; my book on 'Natural Law' is supposed to be a castle in the air; I'm believed to have a bee in my bonnet, and altogether to be affected by a mild kind of insanity." It seems to have been generally overlooked that the little booklets which have carried Professor Drummond's fame into quarters where "Natural Law" has not penetrated bear no distinct clue of authorship on their title-pages; the only hint is to be found in the monogram "H. D.," which adorns the outside covers. Few popular writers have so rare a gift of self-repression; fewer still can rely with such perfect confidence on the internal evidences of authorship.

During one of Professor Max Müller's visits to Glasgow, in his capacity as Gifford Lecturer, I asked him whether he had met Professor Drummond. "Well," replied the illustrious scholar, "I have and I have not. I saw him the other day in a friend's drawing-room, but he was so surrounded by ladies that it was impossible to get near him." Ladies with ideas of conquest probably still find Professor Drummond an object of interest, but the fact that he has returned several times from America unenslaved must rob them of some measure of hope. He has reached his forty-third year without meeting his affinity. One night I dreamt he was married, that I received him in his own house when he returned from the honeymoon, that he gave me a piece of cake in a paper bag, and pressed a sovereign into my hand as I left his door! I told him of my vision when I met him on the street a few days later, and when he had had his laugh out his first query was: "What was she like?" Perhaps he wanted to know whether the dreamland bride I had found him corresponded to the ideal

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in his own mind. I have reason to believe that, among other qualifications, the happy lady must be fair and the possessor of blue eyes.

In the eyes of some of his critics, Professor Drummond's prime sin is his popularity; and a clerical representative of this class, disguising his wrath with a pretended zeal for Christianity, once lifted up his voice in a wild shout of horror at the enormity of a man coining thousands of pounds by selling books on religion. Those who know Mr. Drummond intimately experienced a deep thrill of indignation when this attack became public property. I do not know whether the critic was within the bounds of truth when he asserted that Professor Drummond has made some £10,000 out of his books, but I do know that a Christian estimate of a man is not based upon the amount of money he possesses, but *his use of it.* Now, although he would be the last man to claim that virtue for himself, those who know Professor Drummond can bear testimony to the righteous and truly benevolent use he makes of his means. It is rarely that I pay him a visit without our talk being interrupted by two or three subscription books coming up into the study, and I have yet to see a book sent away without a donation. This is only a surface indication of a deep-lying principle. It would take the fine bloom off many generous-hearted acts to proclaim them from the housetop, but, in general, it may be said that no one in this age of ample benevolence holds his wealth more really as a trust for others than does Professor Drummond.

We were talking one day about hobbies, and he interjected the remark, "My house is full of dead hobbies; you think you will come back to a hobby, but you never do." There is one hobby, however, which he has managed to keep full of life, and that is the collecting of old carved-oak furniture. Hall, dining-room, and study bear witness to the vitality of this hobby, which is fed with the proceeds of magazine articles. Pointing between the clouds of smoke to a handsome oak cabinet in the study—sacred to tobacco, cigars, and pipes—he confessed: "That was an article in 'Good Words;'" and then, indicating a massive oak table in another part of the room, he added, "And that was an article somewhere else."

I have often wondered whether Professor Drummond really knows exactly where he is in the system of ethical or religious thought; whether, even to his own mind, he can give a satisfactory account of his bearings. When he published his booklet on "The Programme of Christianity," there was great rejoicing among the friends of liberal religion. Now, they said, he is breaking away from the exaggerated individualism of "Natural Law;" now he is showing growth and revealing himself as on our side. Mr. Drummond was greatly amused with all this. "If they only knew," he said to me one day, "that that address was written long before 'Natural Law'!" But he has confessed that if "Natural Law" were still to be written he would write it differently, and that is an indication that he is finding the setting of his thought and the basis of an ordered system. His new book on "The Ascent of Man," much of which I had the pleasure of reading in proof, gives further confirmation to that suspicion. Just as surely as he emerged scathless and with rich spoils from the tangled wilds of Africa, so surely is he finding the clue in his own almost tropical wealth of suggestive ethical thought. He is cleaving a way there, upon which many feet shall walk hereafter in safety and delight.

It is highly probable that Mr. Goschen must be puzzled to know what to think about Professor Drummond. Several years ago the two were guests in one house. On the Sunday Mr. Drummond was asked to conduct a service, and he gladly availed himself of the opportunity of "having his say." But Mr. Goschen, he thinks, was terribly bored with the performance. A few years later he met Mr. Goschen at a dinner in London, and the late Chancellor of the Exchequer talked a great deal about "Tropical Africa," but was greatly amazed to learn that the man whose religious service had so upset him was the author of the book in question.

As a writer, Professor Drummond's one aim is to be lucid. Waving his hand one evening towards some well-filled shelves in his study, he ejaculated: "All these books are supposed to be more or less popular works on science, and there is not a lucid statement in one of them." I did not look to see whether any of Tyndall's books were there, for I knew that my host holds that departed scientist to have been a great expositor.

Like many of his fellow-countrymen, Professor Drummond is a keen devotee of rod and gun, but at present he has no enthusiasm for the national game of golf. He regards that, he tells me, as something which he can fall back upon when he is an old man and unfit for anything else.

Sanity and Art

In reading Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, one is constantly impressed not only with the range and power of these great artists, but with their sanity and health. Their supreme authority in the realm of art resides as much in their clearness of vision as in their artistic quality; they were essentially sound and wholesome natures. They had the fresh perception, the true vision, the self-control, of health. The world was not distorted or overshadowed to them; they saw it as it was, and they reported it as they saw it. Health is, indeed, one of the great qualities of the highest art, because veracity of mind and of emotion depends largely upon health, and veracity lies at the base of all enduring art. To the reader of contemporary books Homer is the greatest of antiseptics; after so many records of diseased minds, so many confessions of morbid souls, the "Odyssey" is a whiff of air from the sea borne into the suffocating midsummer atmosphere of a city street. To exchange Marie Bashkirtseff's "Journal" for the great epic of the sea is like coming out of some vaporous tropical swamp into the sweep of the ocean currents, free airs blowing from every quarter, and the whole stretch of sky visible from horizon to horizon. Mr. Higginson has somewhere told the story of an English scholar who gives his entire time to Homer, reading the "Iliad" three or four times every winter, and the "Odyssey" as many times every summer. There might be a certain contraction of interests in such a life, but there could hardly be any disease.

Vitality, the power to live deeply and richly, is perhaps the surest evidence of greatness; to be great one must have compass and range of life. The glorious fullness of strength which prompts a man not to skirt the shore of the sea of experience, but to plunge into its depths, has something divine in it; it confirms our latent faith in the high origin and destiny of humanity. The ascetic saints, about whose pale brows the mediæval imagination saw the halo slowly form, were noble in self-sacrifice and heroic purity; but there will come a nobler type of goodness—the goodness which triumphs by inclusion, not by exclusion; by mastering and directing the physical impulses, the primitive forces, not by denying them. For the highest spiritual achievement is not for those who shun life, but for those who share it, and the sublimest victory is to him who meets all foes in the open field. The first tumultuous outburst of vitality, often very unconventional in its manifestations, is not to be confused with vice, which is always and everywhere a kind of disease. "We are somewhat mad here, and play the devil's own game," wrote Goethe to Merck during that first wild winter at Weimar, when Wieland could find no epithet but *wüthig* to describe him, and the good Klopstock wrote his famous letter of expostulation and warning, and received his still more famous and stinging reply. No doubt the strong currents of life overflowed the normal barriers in those gay months when the Ilm blazed with torches at night and the masked skaters swept past to the strains of music, the Poet and his Duke leading the riot. But it was a festival of youth far more than an outbreak of vice, as the sternest censors soon saw; and in that splendid vitality there was the prophecy of eighty-four years of unhasting and unresting energy.

The early letters of Scott have a delightful freshness and buoyancy born of the man's soundness of nature—a soundness which was untouched by the mistakes and

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misfortunes of his later life; and the perennial charm of the Waverley Novels resides very largely in their healthfulness. They take us entirely out of ourselves, and absorb us in the world of incident and action. If they are not always great as works of art, they are always great in that health of mind and soul which is elemental in all true living. Men cannot be too grateful for a mass of writing so genuine in tone, so free from morbid tendencies, so true to the fundamental ethics of living.

Disease is essentially repulsive to all healthy natures; it is abnormal, and, although pathetically common, it is in a sense unnatural. It seems like a violation of the natural order; and, in the long run, it is, since it finds its cause or opportunity in the violation of some law of life. We never accustom ourselves to it, and we never cease to resent it as the intrusion of a foreign element into the normal development of life, and an interference with the free play of its forces. And our instinct is sound: disease is unnatural; it is a deflection from the normal line and order. Its victim is, for that reason, incompetent to report the facts of life correctly, or to reach trustworthy conclusions in regard to it.

Because it is a deflection from the line of health and a departure from the normal order, disease has rightly a deep and painful interest; it throws light on the conditions upon which health rests; but no physician studies disease to discover the normal action of the organs. And yet this is precisely what we have been doing during the last two centuries; for we have accepted in very large measure the conclusions of diseased natures regarding the significance, the character, and the value of life. We have suffered men of diseased minds to be our teachers, and, instead of looking up into the clear skies, or seeking the altitudes of the hills, or finding fellowship with strong, natural men in the normal vocations, we have waited in hospitals, and listened eagerly to the testimony of sick men touching matters about which they were incompetent to speak. We have suffered ourselves to become the victims of other men's morbid tendencies and distorted vision.

The men and women whose judgment of the nature and value of life has any authority are few; for the phenomena of life are manifold, and most men and women have neither the mental grasp, nor the range of knowledge, nor the breadth of experience requisite for a mastery of these phenomena. Other men and women are disqualified to pass judgment upon life because they are too constantly subject to moods to see clearly and to report accurately what they see; and a deep dispassionateness lies at the foundation of all adequate judgment of life. For obvious reasons, the testimony of the diseased mind is untrustworthy; it is often deeply interesting, but it has no authority. The "Journal" of Marie Bashkirtseff has a peculiar interest, a kind of uncanny fascination, because it is the confession of a human soul, and everything that reveals the human soul in any phase of experience is interesting; but as a criticism of life the "Journal" does not count. The novels of Guy de Maupassant have a great charm; they are full of a very high order of observation; they are true works of art; but they are misleading interpretations of life, because they were the work of a man of diseased nature—a man of distorted vision. Beauty of form does not always imply veracity of idea; and while beauty has its own claim upon us, the ideas which it clothes have no claim upon us unless they are the product of clear vision and sound judgment. It is one of the tragic facts of life that a thing may be beautiful and at the same time poisonous; but we do not take the poison because it comes in a beautiful form. We are too much the prey of invalidism; we give too much credence to hospital reports of life. We need more Homers and Scotts, and fewer Rousseaus and Bashkirtseffs. We need to rid ourselves of the delusion that there is any distinction about disease, any rare and precious quality in morbid tastes, temperamental depression, and pessimism. The large, virile, healthful natures, who see things as they are, and rise above the mists and fogs of mood, are the only witnesses whose testimony about life is worth taking, for they are the only witnesses who know what life is.

H. W. M.

Solitariness

By Marie Mumford Meinell

Seek not to bare the sorrow of thy heart,
In restless striving for desired relief.
Draw close the veil and hide thyself apart,
Nor mar the solemn sacredness of grief.
When all the comforters can do is done,
Still is the heartache thine, and thine alone.

Think not to share the secret of thy mind,
Though its tormenting thought corrode the brain.
The kindred spirit may, with patience kind,
Attempt to grasp thy subtleties in vain.
In vain thou hast revealed the hidden gold:
When all is said, not half has yet been told.

Hope not to lay the burden of thy soul
Upon another, howsoever near.
All fellow-travelers toward an unknown goal,
Each for himself must vanquish doubt and fear.
Yet shall we find, when the rough journey's done,
By grace of God, we are no more alone.

A Thomas Hardy Choir

By R. Owen

"If you are bent upon hearing a Thomas Hardy choir, as you call it—much such a name would amaze those worthies!" said the Squire—"you can find one near my friend Allington's place in ——shire. I have never heard it myself, nor has he, but we were in the church one week-day last autumn, and, noticing there was no organ, we asked the woman who had brought the church keys how they managed for music. 'Oh, father and husband does that, sir,' she said. It is probably 'done' very ill, still, as a survival of the choirs which your father knew in the old days, you may like to hear it. I will give you a letter to my friend."

So it came to pass that, one brilliant Sunday in late summer, I found myself driving to a little village nestled in a fold of the high downs of ——shire, rich in trees as they were there, past a pool blue-fringed with great forget-me-nots, past the small bridges which form an approach to all the buildings in Queen's Brookwell, to the Black Dog Inn, once a famous posting-house, known chiefly now as a rendezvous for the West ——shire hounds, and so unused to Sunday traffic that the putting up of my trap caused considerable agitation. I hesitated to inquire about the music, and walked on towards the church.

As I neared the bourn of so many hopes—for I had hunted far afield for an instrumental choir, had even so far presumed upon longevity as to ask "Notes and Queries" to find me one—despair entered my breast. "Suppose, in the year that has elapsed since Mr. —— heard of 'father and husband' doing the music, they have been swept away by an iconoclastic vicar!" And even as I thought, from two thatched cottages close by emerged two "old men and gray," carrying green baize bags of much promise, and soon from the open church door came the blessed sounds of tuning-up. I followed directly after them, and lost no time in making their acquaintance. You shall make it too.

Clarionet and Leader.....John Cake, Thatcher.
Flute.....Thomas Candy, Farm Laborer.
Bass.....William Cake, Shepherd.

I assure you the juxtaposition of names is not mine: you may see it in the local directory. Bass, by the way, was "husband." He appeared later, and neither then nor at any subsequent time figured largely in the conversation, being overshadowed by "father" and Thomas Candy; but he was very nice, as they all were.

I remained inside listening to them till service began, but the correct form at Queen's Brookwell is to bide wi'out in churchyard till pa'son, in academic garb, enters the porch, when his flock follow him and clatter heavily into the square pews of the small nave, or up into the pic-

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turesque Jacobean north gallery, which, during service, is ornamented with hats hanging perilously from the projecting pegs over the heads of those below. The larger school-children sit on the altar-rail step, the smaller on little let-down seats attached to each pew door, and which, owing to the size of the pews, are somewhat remote from those before and behind them, so that the aisle presents the appearance of equidistant islands of solitary children, or an avenue of small obelisks, as at Karnak, leading up to a sacred-serpent circle of superior stones. There are two pulpits, hung with faded crimson cloth; from one the service is read; from the other, and the more rickety, thanks to Boanerges of the past, the sermon—always a good one and easily understanded of the people—is preached.

But until one is habituated to the ritual of Queen's Brookwell, one does not much regard the sermon. Not even in New York have I seen a congregation stare more persistently at the west-end enthroned choir. Strangers gaze of necessity; they have never seen nor heard the like; and natives gaze because the strangers do. At an advanced period of the service, when we have attained to the repose of the Lessons, or to the somnolence, in the pew-depths, of the Litany, a well-timed diversion is effected by the village ducks who march over the bridge in ordered ranks up the churchyard path into the porch, quacking loudly. Only the strangers and the sad little boys in the aisle are disturbed by them. They never come further, and presently, after rebuking the sluggards, they depart.

But of the music?

Until one is accustomed to it, one finds it very odd. One is inclined to beat one's breast when one hears the loud bassoon; yet, like the Wedding Guest, one cannot choose but hear. To begin with, the 'cello produces a somewhat unusual effect from young Cake's idiosyncrasy about the fingering. He holds that there are two methods among 'cellists. "Zum," he says, "twiddles wi' their vingers and zum dwön't. I be one of them as dwön't." The tunes, as well as at least two of the instruments played, were of local make, and, like them, have been handed down for generations. A neighboring blacksmith of some eighty years ago, and a well-remembered tailor of Queen's Brookwell, are responsible for many of the settings of psalms and anthems, "subject," says the musical authority of the district, "to elaboration from the individual performers," clarionet in particular being addicted to the interpolation of grace-notes. The singing was so thoroughly congregational that it was a disappointment that I could not find the opening hymn in my H. A. M.; but the vicar, noting my needs, leaned down from his pulpit and bade a young farmer bring me a local hymn book, which was in its way as interesting a survival as the choir, full of Sternhold and Hopkins-ish addresses to Jehovah.

After service decorum requires strangers to felicitate the vicar on his choir and the choir on themselves. To these last I added sixpences, in the fond hope that, like a certain Casterbridge band, they would betake themselves in a body to the Black Dog and solemnly drink a Sunday pint; but they proved inartistically and modernly Blue Ribbon in this regard. That done, and not to detain the congregation, who civilly waited to see me mount, I drove away.

It was on later Sundays, and from other sources, notably from one of the victims of the next incident, that I learned what follows.

The chief distinction of the present choir's existence had been playing at a wedding some years ago. No every-day Hodge and Jemima wedding, but that of Squire's daughter. After the ceremony, in lieu of a proper wedding march—Mendelssohn and Wagner not being in their repertory—a martial hymn was the best substitute, and the bridal party left the church to the suggestive strains of

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war.

The first violin—since, as his epitaph has it, sleeping

Till Angels wake him with such notes as his—

had begun in church before nine A.M., and kept up the nuptial melodies there and in the public-house till past ten P.M., and the bridegroom's father told me that even later, as he passed "The Dog," he heard a faint scraping and outbursts of good wishes for "Miss Margery and her pardner."

There was a fear, even among themselves, as performer after performer went over to the majority, lest to them should come the total extinction of the famous Corfedown choir in the same valley. It had been great and glorious; it had boasted a choirmaster so eminent that when he gave out the psalm it was thought but a just advertisement that he should add, "to a tune of my own composing." The figure on the gallery, of King David in gold-rimmed spectacles, harping upon his harp, was put up less as a tribute to the sweet singer of Israel than as an idealized effigy of "Uncle Robert," the one man in those vales, aye, or in the South of England, fit to cope with a Welshman on his national instrument. And yet, in spite of the widespread reputation of the Corfedown band, of their occult knowledge of "singular" and "plural" notes (never handed on to the unlearned vulgar), of their music-book wherein, with local melodies entitled "Bough the Nee" and "The African's Glory," are found compositions by Arne, Purcell, and Handel—in spite of all this, and of other

Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine,

they were at last reduced to two tunes, commonly known as "thik" and "t'other." To this lamentable decadence and final extinction the Queen's Brookwell choir and their admirers—of whom I reckon myself one—pray they may not come. The great fear is—as it always is in the analogous case of unrestored churches—the vicar, who takes no pride in possessing what is unique, indeed likens such pride to the philosophy of the tailless fox, and yearns for an American organ. Cake told me of a friend of Mr. Dugdale (the vicar of Queen's Brookwell-cum-Brookwell Stockton), a clergyman in some manner connected with B—— Cathedral, and very musical, who exchanged with Mr. Dugdale that he might hear the Queen's Brookwell choir. Morning service was at the sister parish of Stockton. Parson and Clerk—Cake is Clerk—side by side sang bass. After service Parson said to Clerk:

"I must make you a compliment. You sing bass very well."

Clerk said to Parson (Cake's face was as good as a play as he told this, with grave bows, expressive of the interchanged civilities): "Sir, I return the compliment. You sing bass very well."

"Pa'son said: 'Afternoon service is at t'other village, I believe, where there is a band.'

"'Yes, sir,' said I.

"'Ah, shall I ever live to hear 'en!' says he.

"'If you live a matter o' two or three howers you will,' says I; and after afternoon church 'a says to me, 'I'll tell 'ee what it is, Clerk,' says he; 'a while back, maybe fifty years since, the pa'sons all over the country made the greatest mistake they ever did make in clearin' out all the wold choirs o' musicians. For I call those men Musicians'"—one could almost see the capital M as Cake spoke—"'who for love of music take a instrument and learn to pläy 'en to the glory o' God and in harmony wi' the other members o' the choir. But these young ladies'"—Cake repeated this with ineffable contempt—"'who take a few lessons and learn their notes off a bit book, an' sit down at a harmonium and pläy the notes off book—any one can learn to hit the bits o' black an' white by rote, and all they have to do is to *hit* and the sound comes—why, they haven't the *seeds* o' music in 'em. I don't call 'n Musicians,' 'a said. An' when all's said and done, the harmonium's notes are a poor, thin, wheezin' noise, not like this!" Cake finished, drawing his bow across his son's 'cello with a full, rich, noble sound.

Later I told Mr. Dugdale of these encomiums from his friend the B—— prebend, and he exclaimed: "I never had a man in my parish who gave so much trouble! He filled the choir's heads with nonsense!"

Cake, on his part, held independent opinions of the vicar, whom he called as often as not "that man," not in any

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intentionally disrespectful way, but in order to differentiate him from his predecessors, of whom Cake, as player and singer, man and boy, in Queen's Brookwell choir, can recall a good few. One day, when he was amusingly reminiscencing in his serious, phlegmatic manner, he gave an instance of that fatalism which is so characteristic of the ——shire peasantry. He was commenting on the irony of fortune in turning out the large family of Greys, at the death of the late vicar, from Stockton Vicarage, and "puttin' into thik girt house thik one man." He said: "Ef Squire had had the livin' in his gift, d'ye see, and not Mag-dalene College, 'a would have passed 'en on to Mr. Lewis" (Mr. Lewis Grey), "provided 'a had been brought up to the business, an' the widow an' daughters could have stayed on. But," he added in a tone expressive of the futility of regret, "'tis as 'tis, an' so it must be."

He was much exercised over the introduction of a surpliced choir into a parish in the next vale, some two or three miles off across the wind-swept downs. "Wold choir wi'out surplices were good enough for t'wold vicar; this man must have surplices. Yet it's the same God A'mighty after all!" In his own parish he inveighed against the young people for not going to church—a latter-day trouble common to each generation of church officials. "Sermon's too long? Bless 'ee, they might ha' said so if they could have remembered Pa'son Rodney's. 'A were a sort o' relative o' Billy Pitt's; you mind Billy Pitt? Ah, they were sermons! Why, I've heard 'en preach in thik very pulpit a hower an' three-quärters, an' never get over any more ground than Mr. Dugdale or Mr. Grey. 'A were so partic'lar fond o' the Bible, d'ye see, that 'a wanted to give us chapter and varse for everything, when, bless 'ee, we'd 'a' took his word for it it were there! 'As Isaiah says in such a chapter,' 'a would say, and go s'archin' for 'en up an' down till 'a was varced to say, 'I do believe en's in Jeremiah,' and up an' down Jeremiah 'a 'd go. And so 'a 'd give it to us for a hower and a half or three-quärters."

Billy Pitt's relative's predecessor was known to Cake only by fame, but fame had preserved some racy stories of him, and from these I select two.

He was usually known as Farmer ——, for he farmed the glebe lands himself, and habitually bought and sold in the corn-market of the county town. One market-day, over a glass of whisky-and-water at the Greyhound, he was gibed at by his purely agricultural confederates for doing something in "a slack-twisted pa'son's way." He fired up at once, as they had meant he should. "Slack-twisted pa'son, be I?" said he. "You talk o' a day's work, I'll tell 'ee what I did a-Zunday. Give 'em church at Brook'll; rode over to Woonton, give 'em church there; rode on to Lynchett, give 'em church there; on to West Tatchell, give 'em church there; back hwoam to Stockton, give 'em church *there*, and then, dang it, did'n' I go into barn an' dresh out dree bushels o' barley!"

It was he who did away, for the space of four years, until he died and Pa'son Rodney succeeded, with the Stockton instrumental choir, thereby making many enemies. In town or on his glebe he might be Farmer ——, but "inside church-door" he would reign supreme, and one ancient use he soon "ran amuck again" both at Stockton and here, which was "letten choir manage t' music. Here at Brook'll," said Cake, "the men o' they days yielded with small ado, a tailor—not the composer, but his father—bein' choir-leader. But at Stockton 'twere different; the men there were rough—never a rougher set this side o' Zarlsbury nor the Stockton men, though the pleäce be small—and they misliked his choosin' the psalms and hymns, as they naturally would, and prepared to defy 'en, and one Zunday one o' their number turned king's evidence and told Pa'son they had agreed to neyther pläy nor sing that day unless to psalms and hymns o' their own choosin'. 'If 'ee dwön't pläy an' zing what I gie out, you pack o' hounds,' said Pa'son ——, 'it will be the last time that 'ee'll pläy and zing in Stockton Church as a united choir.' 'A gave 'em a chance, d'ye see? but 'twere no good; out they went, after sittin' dumb above wi' neyther serpent, fiddle, pipe, blow, nor scrape of any sort all that Zunday mornin'; and thereafter Pa'son ——, wi' his girt bass vaïce an' a tunin'-fork, pitched the tunes."

And so I might go on, for Cake's stories are as numerous and various as his namesakes. Long may he live to tell them and to rule the choir of Queen's Brookwell! He has hopes that when his time comes to give up his place under the old tower inside, and to take another under its shadow without, the boys whom he and Candy have been training, and of whom as yet they think but slightingly, may be fit to carry on "t' wold music" and to lead the praises of the Queen's Brookwell flock.

I must hope so, too. In these days of great orchestral services in such musically important cathedrals as St. Paul's and Worcester; in these days when every uniquely interesting feature of a church or minster is pointed out with pride; in these days of antiquarian solicitude over survivals of the past, one must hope that public sentiment, English and American, will preserve this last of the quaint, picturesque, and, with village folk, popular instrumental choirs, which I have ventured to call by the name of the author who has described them so well and who best describes and loves the English peasant.

A Virginia Gentleman

A True Story

By Blanche Wilder Bellamy

When I first saw him, he was standing in the open doorway of his sanctum, the janitor's room in one of the old halls of the Washington and Lee University.

"Yais, Missy," he said, "I gwine git dem keys sho' 'nuff, 'n' show yo' de chapel 'n' all. Dat's de chapel what's lookin' right in yo' face, Missy, 'n' ef yo' go down dat paf I gwine shut de do' 'n' come along arter."

"I hope you have been here a long time," I said, as he came out; "I want to ask you a great many questions."

"Laws, yais, Missy, I bin yer heap o' yeahs. When Gin'l Lee come here to be de Pres'dunt o' dis yeah University, arter de wah, co'se he bring Torm, 'n' I bin 'fishiatin' roun' yer ever sence.

"Yais'm," he said again, "I 'uz all t'rough de wah wid Gin'l Lee, fo' yeahs; 'n' den arter de wah, when our side—well, kyin' o' give up, I come to de Washin'on 'n' Lee."

"*Our* side!" I said, with an intentional note of surprise, meant to draw him on: "were you on the side of the South in the war?"

"Well, yais'm—yais, Missy, dat's a fac'; I sut'nly was jis' dere. Yo' see, I 'uz 'bliged to be, de way I loved Gin'l Lee.

"Dat's him," he added—"dat's *my* Gin'l," and he pointed to a recumbent statue behind the platform. The tranquillity of the sleeping figure, its noble simplicity, the pathos of the sword, so bravely used, so sadly yielded up, to be returned again in symbol to its final place at its owner's side—all gave a dignity to the ordinary surroundings of the small chapel, which we left by a narrow stair.

"Mind de step, Missy," Uncle Tom said; "I gwine take yo'-all down to de Gin'l's study—it's jest like he left it; ain't never been tetched.

"I know how yo'-all feels 'bout some o' dese 'scussionin's," he said, stopping at the foot of the stairs before opening the door of the study. "Dey was a special train come down here from de Norf las' week brought a heap o' gen'l'men, high-up ones dey was, too; 'n' dey stand jes' whar' yo'-all stand, 'n' dey look at Gin'l Lee jes' like yo'-all look, 'n' den one of 'em he kyin' o' bow his haid, 'n' he put out his hand, 'n' he say, 'Dere lies a Christian gentleman!' 'n' de nex' one, he say, kyin' o' slow, 'Yais, but he were on de wrong side!' Den de fust one say, 'Sho, what you say dat fo', yeah 'n' now? He got same right to his 'pinion yo' got to yo' 'pinion.' Den de udder one say, kyin' o' gentle like, 'Yais, but 'twere de wrong 'pinion, all de same.'"

Here Uncle Tom opened the door of the study to show us the large round table, with books, maps, pens, paper,

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and memoranda of various kinds, lying where their owner had left them, nearly a quarter of a century ago.

"Yais'm," he said, "yer's whar de Gin'l done his las' wuk," and he closed the door, and leaned up against it, waiting for comments.

"Now, Uncle Tom," I said, "tell us a little more about the war. How does it happen that you weren't on the side of the North, when they were fighting to set the slaves free?"

"Well, dat am a fac', Missy, now dat do look mighty cu'yus. I's 'bliged to 'splain dat out a heap o' times, 'n' I 'splains it out dis way:

"Yo' see, de Norf dey was fightin' to set de slaves free—but den dey was fightin' to set udder folks's slaves free, not on no 'casion to set dey own slaves free. Now, Gin'l Lee he own seventy-five slaves—mighty likely niggers dey was, too—'n' t'ree years befo' de wah he sot all dem slaves free, 'n' he hired a white man to tote 'em whar dey wanter go; 'n' dat's why I's jest p'intedly 'bliged to be on de side o' Gin'l Lee.

"Yo' see, it was like dis. My young Marse he 'uz long o' Gin'l Lee; 'n' my ole Missis somehow she allus like me to be kyin' o' roun' whar my young Marse be, 'n' she wrote to Gin'l Lee to take me, 'n' he tuk me, 'n' I cooked 'n' washed fur him 'n' de orf'cers.

"Fo' yeahs, Missy, 'n' never not one cross word out o' Gin'l Lee; not no ha'shness, neither, 'ceppenly ef somethin' was done kyin' o' wrong—den, Lord! de Gin'l wa'n't afraid to speak; no, fo' de Lord he wa'n't!

"Now I'se gwine tell yo' why I say he 'uz de greatest gin'l ever lived. One pow'ful cold day we 'uz jes' gwine into action; de shells was a-crackin', *an'* a-bustin', *an'* a-tyarin' roun' (somehow yo'-all was allus droppin' yo' hot shells jes' whar we don' want 'em), 'n' Gin'l Lee was settin' awn his horse, 'n' de orf'cers roun', 'n' fo' men come by, bar'foot; 'n' de Gin'l he stop 'em, 'n' he say, 'Wha' fo' yo' men got no shoes to yo' feet? Yo' go to de quartermas'r 'n' tell him Gin'l Lee say gib yo'-all shoes—no men gwine fight dey best like dat!' Bimeby dey come back, 'n' when dey come by Gin'l Lee, Lord! how dey did yell, 'n' trow up dey hats; 'n' de Gin'l he take off his hat, 'n' he wave it slow like, back'ards 'n' for'ards, 'n' he say, 'Now, gin'l'men, yo' gwine jine yo' regiment.' Now, ef yo' t'ink one gin'l in one t'ousan' gwine worry hisself jes' when he gwine into action 'cause fo' men's bar'foot, yo' don' know gin'ls!!"

It was not to disturb this loyal old heart in its noble and faithful allegiance, but only to draw out further expression of it, that we went on questioning, "Do you think people in the South were surprised when General Lee surrendered?"

"Mons'ous lot of 'em was, Missy—dey sut'nly was stagnated! End o' de fust yeah o' de wah my young Marse sent me home to git some mo' horses. We 'uz mighty sca'ce o' horses (somehow yo'-all never treat our horses jes' right—yo' kyin' o' make *away* wid 'em so), 'n' I see my ole Missis, 'n' she say, mighty solemn, 'Torm, de Lord's awn one side o' dis wah, or he's awn de udder, 'n' de side de Lord's awn, dat's de side's gwine to win, 'n' de side he ain't awn, dat's de side's gwine to lose, Torm!'

"Den I see her arter de wah, 'n' she did feel pow'ful bad, Miss Sally did; she feel kyin' o' *grindin'* bad; 'n' I say to her, 'Yo' rickleck, Miss Sally, yo' say, "Torm, de Lord's awn one side or he's awn de udder, 'n' de side de Lord's awn dat's de side's gwine to win"?' 'n' she say, kyin' o' high 'n' quick like, ''Tain't so!' 'N' I say, 'How yo' make dat?' 'n' she say, 'Torm, Gord am a just Gord, 'n' he ain't never gwine to be awn de side o' dem folks 'at stole my prop'ty!'"

Then Uncle Tom put his hands on his sides and bent his old head forward, and laughed the long, contagious darky laugh, which, for all its mirth, so often ends in a minor cadence.

"Yes, Tom," I said, "she belonged to another generation, and even the children of those days don't forget what a war means; but how is it with the boys here—do they all live on the campus, and do they talk much of the old war-times?"

"No, Missy, dey don' all on 'em lib yer; we lets 'em lib whar dey likes, 'ceppeny 'ef dey wants to lib whar we ain't like it, den we sut'nly doesn't. 'N' dey don' talk not to say a great deal 'bout de wah; but sometimes dey does. Dey 'uz talkin' yer not long ago (yo'-all has to s'cuse 'em, Missy, 'cause dey's pooty young, 'n' some o' dem boys dey's jes' kyin' o' high, 'n' dey talks owdacious), 'n' dey 'uz sayin'—well, dey wa'n't jes' 'zackly sayin' dey *wish* dey was anudder wah, but dey 'uz sayin', *ef* dey was anudder wah, dey jes' guess folks 'ud see!

"'N' I says to 'em, 'Sho! git 'long, de lot o' yo', 'n' don' be talkin' 'bout wah! Fust crack o' de cannon yo'-all's daid in yo' tracks—skeert to def!' One o' de perfessors come 'long den, 'n' he say, 'Boys, yo' gwine git de best advice in yo'r lives. Yo' don' know nothin' to spar', 'n' Uncle Torm he knows; yo' take his advice! He ain't been t'rough de wah for fo' yeahs, long o' Gin'l Lee, for nothin', Torm ain't'—'n' then they jes' larfs 'n' goes 'long."

Here Uncle Tom opened the study door, and, taking out another key, said:

"I don' so very often open de Tomb, but I like to show yo'-all where he is," and he slowly threw back the heavy door of the vault beneath the statue where the dead hero of the Confederacy sleeps his last sleep, kept it open for a moment in silence, and then closed it carefully, as we came up the stairway and bade him good-by at the chapel door.

We sat down to rest for a moment under a tree near by, to enjoy the beauty of the scene, the venerable brick buildings in their dress of pale but dusky pink, crowned with the statue of Washington, patron and founder; the smooth green of the lawns, with the fine old trees and luxuriant vines and flowers; the hillside sloping gently up to the adjoining grounds of the Virginia Military Institute, the West Point of the South during the war; the little old town of Lexington just outside the gates, shabby enough now, yet with an interest of its own; and, encircling the whole, the noble range of blue and distant hills.

We thought, perhaps for the first time with a thrill of personal pride, of the glories of "Ole Virginny"—mother of our Presidents, rich in honor and beauty. We felt an enlargement of heart and spirit in this place where the life of a great soldier, our countryman, had ended; and at the same time we watched the flag, floating idly in the spring air, and rejoiced in all its stars and stripes, when we heard a footstep on the grass behind us.

It was Uncle Tom, come back for a last word.

"Ef yo'-all's willin'," he said, "I like to git yo'-all's name. I never did go Norf, but den yo' see some day I *might* go Norf, 'n' ef I do, I bin feelin' somehow I'd like to go fo' to see yo'-all.

"I want yo' to understan' dat I know what yo'r folks done for my folks—ef *I* don' know dat, den dey sut'nly ain't nobody knows it, nor 'precherates it; but" (and an illuminating smile broke over his kindly old face) "I bin feelin' like *I'd* like to have 'bout two mo' hours to make yo'-all understan' how I love Gin'l Lee."

The Woman's Congress of the Midwinter Fair

By Helen Campbell

Congresses were no new thing. A dozen of them had met before, drawing, most of them, hardly more than a handful of people, and their work summing up in a few lines in the papers. Their existence was, of course, a necessary part of the Midwinter Fair and its imitation of Chicago methods, and the press, as a whole, regarded it as rather a bore. On the morning of April 30 the reporters turned out in full force. Open ridicule was hardly in order, since the best names in the city made up the Board of Officers; but even names were not a guarantee that the proceedings would have real character, and the reporters eyed the audience dubiously, speculating as to whether it would be likely to come again. By afternoon the question was answered. The hall, moderately filled in the morning,

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showed then not a vacant place, and long before the week ended there was often barely standing room.

The scheme of work for the week gave the opening day to "Education," and the following ones to "Economics and Industry," "Reform—Civil, Social, and Domestic," "Science and Local History," "Philanthropy," "Art and Literature," and for Sunday and the closing, "Religion." The four papers allotted to each session, of which there were three daily, were limited to twenty minutes each, the bell striking three minutes before the end of the time, which was rigorously enforced. Ten minutes of discussion, two minutes to each speaker, followed, and so eager was the interest that a dozen were often on their feet as the speaker sat down. At moments the voice of the crank made itself heard, at other moments the obtuse souls who are born to misunderstand devoted their two minutes to demonstration of their own obtuseness; but, for the most part, keenest intelligence and sympathy marked every step of the proceedings. How could it be otherwise, when from the platform there looked not only the beautiful and gracious face of the President, but the wise, sweet eyes of the Vice-President, the woman whose name is synonymous with help and cheer and comfort—Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, the leader in the kindergarten movement, not only on the Pacific coast, but throughout the West. Music and art had their exponent in the President, Mrs. John Vance Cheney, whose presiding, with its quick and unfailing tact and gentle courtesy, was something to remember for a lifetime. To look like a French *marquise* of the *ancien régime*, yet speak and act with the precision of the trained woman of affairs, this was so purely and thoroughly American—and American of the best—that one wanted no other demonstration of the right of the Congress to be. The five chief officers appeared to have interchangeable functions, for the Recording Secretary or the Vice-President filled the chair as need arose, using every form of parliamentary law with a quiet ease that held the audience in absolute order.

This Recording Secretary, Mrs. Ada Van Pelt, with the gentlest of faces and voices, counts as one of the most skilled of women inventors, having taken out half a dozen patents and still planning for more. Editor on her own account, she gave the crowning proof of her powers of concentration on one of the busiest afternoons, when, presiding and keeping the crowd of speakers rigidly to time, she wrote two editorials and some necessary notes, rising at the appointed time for her own word on one of the questions involved. As for the Corresponding Secretary, her husband affirmed that for nine months she had been lost to him—though how this could be, when at every turn his helpful hand was in evidence, is not precisely plain. Caring for stranger guests, meeting a thousand demands, her serenity never failed, and it was small wonder that the managers pronounced her the mainspring of the Congress.

Equally telling in another direction was the work of one of the younger managers, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, a grandniece of Henry Ward Beecher, and with the Beecher incisiveness and humor. Her little volume of poems, "In This Our World," has already given her recognition as a poet in whom the love of humanity and sympathy for all struggle find expression in verse the form of which must content the most captious critic. Known already as the eager advocate of the workers' cause, and able to state the case with the clearest and most forcible handling, she is likely to be one of the most valuable recruits the labor movement in this country has received, her charming presence and voice lending their aid to the cause she has made her own. Her touch was felt at many points, and there was another which often gathered up loose threads and made debatable points plain—that of the fiery little Scotchwoman, Mrs. McRoberts, known as one of the ablest educators on the Pacific coast, whose sudden darts to the front were always hailed with applause, and whose protests and summaries were one of the most interesting features of the discussions. One ingenious sister who had, uninvited, prepared a paper which she was bent upon reading, and whose indignation at its rejection knew no bounds, succeeded in giving most of it in two-minute installments, choosing any page which could be said to have bearing on the matter uppermost, and, as often, one which had none. The woman who believed Prohibition the only cure for every evil, the woman who was certain the world would right itself as soon as dress reform was brought about, and the other women of like conviction as to their respective fads, all were there, and all seizing every possible instant to demonstrate their faith. But this was the spice, and never were there more good-humored or tolerant hearers than those who followed every item of the long week's work.

With the limited space at command it is impossible to do even faint justice to the personalities of the Board of Managers—fifteen all told, and each one a positive force. Coming together in some cases strangers to each other, the nine months of unceasing work, of anxiety, struggle, and often deep discouragement, bound them together in such fashion that they stand as a unit of force in all the work the formal incorporated association is yet to do. During that nine months, though there were often differences of opinion, the Secretary records that not one unpleasant or carping word was ever heard, and that often the same plan or wish occurred to several at once, a singular harmony of purpose distinguishing their work from the beginning. The New England element was strong, for the elder Californians all crossed the Plains or rounded the Horn, and still, as they speak of the East, say "home." On Thursday, the day assigned to science and local history, pioneer women had the platform for the evening, and as one after another in the audience rose to add their memories to those more formally presented in the addresses, the President begged them to take place on the platform where all could see, and the packed audience clapped and waved with frantic enthusiasm.

If any doubt had lingered as to the real interest of women, it ceased from that hour. Friday, with its wealth of suggestion in philanthropic lines—every paper from women whose wise methods are revolutionizing institutional and all other work—was in some points the most noteworthy day of all, since it defined lines in which work would be pushed with the vigor born of this comparing of notes. Saturday evening had for its topic "Expression in Art," the opening address being by the President, who is known not only as a finished musician, but as the successful developer of talent under a new system of teaching, doing away with many terrors hedging about the thought of drill, which she makes always subordinate to instinct and feeling. This time all San Francisco had made up its mind that it wanted to see and hear, and three policemen had to stand between the gate and the packed mass of struggling people who went away disappointed.

Sunday at last, and the sharp tension of the busy session melted into quiet, and the stir of a feeling no less deep, but carrying with it the sense of mastery up to which all the wonderful week had led. The women ministers held the platform, pioneers all of them, Mrs. E. T. Wilkes, minister for thirty years, and one of three sisters who have all chosen the same profession, appearing as leader, Mrs. Cooper giving her thought on "Women as Religious Teachers," and a brilliant Jewess defining her view of "Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow Relative to Religion"—one of the most profoundly thoughtful and suggestive of all the papers given. And so, with old, familiar hymns and words of high cheer, came at last the final benediction, and the people went out silently, bearing with them thoughts—each a seed and each mighty, in good time to bear fruit after its kind, every one good for food and for the healing of the nations.

Two days more at Oakland, with work in the same lines, the formal organization of the Congress into an association which is to have branches at every important point and to do constructive work of every order, and the woman's say had ended. It is worth while to note that but one paper among the representative papers of the city gave the Congress full attention, and this one because one of the most valued members of its staff, Dr. Adeline Knapp, knew the significance of the movement.

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The Spectator

The Spectator has a friend, a lady of seventy-four, who is planning to pay a visit to her son, a professor in the University at Tokio. She does not expect to make Japan her home, to "spend her declining years" with her son, as the phrase once was; but simply, as stated, to visit him. This is perhaps not so very remarkable, after all, since a recent shocking death—shocking because it was so unexpected—was that of an eminent lawyer at eighty-nine, just back from a trip to Europe; while the next week saw a "venerable" Senator celebrate his eighty-fourth birthday with a lively speech on the tariff; while, again, a man who at seventy received his first election to the Senate—ex-Governor Gear, of Iowa—is hardly old enough to attract attention to his age, so far from extraordinary is his case counted. These are recent happenings which freshly illustrate what a clever "Century" writer once called the "decline in superannuation"—meaning that in our day and generation Dr. Holmes's class of "young-old" people is noticeably on the increase. This is made very plain by comparing the age of our leading public men to-day with that of the "Revolutionary fathers," most of whom were quite young men by our standard. In short, there is no longer any distinct period known as "old age," when, if one observes the proprieties, one is expected "to retire from the activities of life." We moderns are classified, not as old and young, but as older and younger.

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Of course this nineteenth century of ours, with its noisy note of self-congratulation on all that passes for progress, has not failed in felicitation on so notable an instance as this—the actual blotting out of old age from the calendar of modern life. And it is, as universally considered, charming indeed that no one is longer expected to be laid upon the shelf because a certain birthday has been reached. It does make life richer and fuller, for the younger as well as for the older. Nevertheless, the Spectator must confess that sometimes, as he has heard the changes rung on this favorite theme, somewhat wearisomely, he has recalled, almost against his will, as perhaps ungracious, those sarcastic lines from the "Mikado:"

"There is beauty in extreme old age.
Do you think that you are elderly enough?"

❀

All must admit a distinct æsthetic loss in the banishment of old age from modern life—to the children, for example. What modern child has a grandmother, a lovely old lady in a black silk gown, with a kerchief about her neck and a cap with strings on her head, with a book or work-bag always in her lap, and with nothing to do but to sit in her rocking-chair in the warmest place by the hearth and tell stories about the times when she herself was a little girl? The type of grandmother is fast becoming extinct as it was so delightfully known to many now in middle life. This type—due to the expectation that when a certain age was reached it was to be definitely marked by a change in dress and by a cessation from activity—was not a type confined to a special class or to rural and provincial life. The Spectator talked the matter over recently with a typical modern grandmother, an active woman of seventy, who still enjoys, as she has all her life, the social experiences of a wide acquaintance. This lady recalled that when she was a young woman in society, somewhat less than a half-century ago, she attended a large party in New York one evening, given for the widow of the great Chancellor Kent. This "venerable" lady—who was then little if any older than is to-day the Spectator's narrator—sat in a chair of state in one corner of the drawing-room all the evening. The guests, including many notables of the day, paid their respects to her, exchanged a few words, and then withdrew, all with ceremonious deference to her age. She was, by the arbitrary distinction of age, as completely separated from the others in the ordinary enjoyment of the evening as was the typical grandmother in the chimney-corner from the ordinary household life. Yet she was probably as vigorous then, as well able to stand, and to receive her guests, and to take part actively in a social event, as is the lady who related the incident to the Spectator.

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But, after all, was there not a certain compensatory dignity in this recognition of age as age, which modern life misses? Not that any of us would return to it if it were possible—we are all of us growing old ourselves too fast for that!—but simply that we can see in the bygone custom a certain suitability to the more formally serious view of life which then obtained. There is also, to any of us at least who are tempted at times to be cynical, a suggestion of unconscious satire in the modern fashion of ignoring age, as if it were something that could be ignored. The artlessness with which it is often done, the apparently complete obliviousness to any lurking incongruity, is in its way delicious. "One realizes in looking at some old ladies," comments Mr. Howells in "Indian Summer," "that there are women who could manage their own skeletons winningly." Mr. Howells could not have said that of men. When their skeletons obtrude, they are never "managed winningly." They are always ghastly.

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One notes the changed attitude toward age as age in many indirect ways. Where, for example, are those homilies on "growing old gracefully," and on the duties of the young to the old and of the old to the young, which were once so familiar a feature of current literature of a mildly didactic, moralizing type? As a substitute for this there is great stress laid nowadays on the various methods, many of them purely artificial, "for keeping young"—as if that were something of individual volition, if only one went at it in the right way, regardless of individual vocations and avocations, ambitions and absorptions. Why, the oldest person the Spectator ever knew was a man of thirty-five, who at that advanced period had become so completely immersed in large business enterprises that he could not spare one small thought for anything that was not serious with that peculiarly solemn seriousness which concerns the making and losing of dollars.

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But this is wandering afar from those once favorite homilies on age with which the Spectator started. Many readers may recall an eminent Scotch clergyman, the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd—perhaps best described as a British J. G. Holland—whose half-humorous, common-sense "philosophizings" were for years a feature of "Fraser's." Mr. Boyd had the luck, if such it be counted, to write for that magazine two essays on "Growing Old," from two points of view—since the "continued in our next" came after a lapse of thirteen years. Now, mark the curious difference there is in the way he reckons age. In his first essay, written when he was himself thirty-five, after naming various conditions precedent, he confesses: "A man at thirty-five may still feel very young." And in another place he emphasizes this by saying: "Most men and women cling as long as may be to the belief that they are still quite young, or, at any rate, not so very old. Let us respect the clinging to youth; there seems to me much that is good in it." But in his second essay, thirteen years later, when he was himself forty-eight, with an implied consciousness of his changed view, Mr. Boyd writes: "By 'growing old' I now understand a point midway between forty and fifty, not without a tendency to get nearer the latter age." The Spectator has no doubt that if Mr. Boyd had at sixty written a third essay on "Growing Old," the stress would still have been laid on the "growing." Thus largely is personal feeling, the inability to realize the feelings of others about one's age, the controlling factor in making out the X, Y, or Z of its equation.

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The Spectator recalled another illustration of the same point, though on a different side, in the address of James Anthony Froude, the historian, delivered when he was elected rector of St. Andrew's University. Mr. Froude begins that address with a graceful acknowledgment of the gratification it is to receive recognition from young men for what we have already done, "if we feel that we have before long to pass away," and that we have practically reached "the limits of our powers." That address was delivered just a quarter of a century ago, and at the time Mr. Froude was fifty-one years of age. The Spectator has sometimes wondered whether Mr. Froude, in case he has ever thought it over, did not look upon himself as "a little previous" in claiming at that time the disabilities of age, even to give so neat a turn to his prefatory expression of thanks—which may have been all there was to it.

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The Home

Each Man's Gauge

The world holds a true mirror up to every man, a mirror that shows him clearly his perfections and his defects. He has but to study this mirror to know his value. The demands the world makes upon a man show him, or should show him, what the world sees in him that will minister to its progress, health, recreation.

Some one has said recently that a man might gauge the world's estimate of him by the number of his interruptions. If he was never interrupted, he might decide that he was not needed; that his value to the world depended on the professional, commercial, or mechanical relation he held to it; that outside his special field he had no value. Fundamentally this is true, but the world abounds in idle fellows who are willing to use the busy man's time. The idle fellow does not hold the mirror. The mirror is the world's need of you, and the demand its needs make upon your intelligence, time, and talent.

To live an uninterrupted life shows you your field; and the wise man tills it. The interrupted life shows you your opportunity to meet the need that the world has for you.

Tell Me a Story

By Nora Archibald Smith

Whatever mother wakes and tends and thinks
In cheerful, earnest song and play;
Whate'er her love girds round to-day,
Works blessing outward through a thousand links.
—*Friedrich Froebel.*

Under the stars on desert sands, by the blubber lamp in the ice hut, by the wigwam blaze on the prairies, by the pine torch in the log cabin, by the firefly's light in the tropic forest, a vast company of mothers nightly sit surrounded by their merry little ones, all with eager upturned faces and eloquent voices raising the same plea—"Tell us a story, oh, tell us a story!"

So it is, so it has been, so shall it always be, for the love of stories is inherent in the race. With some children a calm delight, with others an absolute passion, yet it exists in all in fair measure, and for ages past has been a great moral and educational agency. We of to-day, who live in a world of books, and who insist that our children shall be early taught to read, that they may the sooner "cover the emptiness of their own minds with the patchwork of others"—we hardly realize, perhaps, the marvelous effect which a well-told story may produce upon the virgin mind and soul. It can but seem vastly more real and vital than the same thing seen in cold type on a printed page, and it has the added charm of look and movement and fitting gesture—in short, of dramatic expression. Before the days of book-knowledge, all the simple learning of the race was gained at the feet of the story-teller, who was the conserver of history and the repository of scientific fact. "The household story," as has been very well said, "was the earliest ethical study in the educational curriculum of the race;" and the extent to which it was used for this purpose may be measured by the strong moral sentiment pervading most of the nursery tales and childish legends which have come down to us from the olden time.

In these days of the thoughtful study of childhood it has come to be pretty generally felt that educational training, to be successful, must be suited to child-nature, and that any exercise in which the normal child takes unvarying delight must, therefore, and on that account, be the one which may be made most serviceable to him. From the days of Eve the instinctive mother has ministered to the child's love of stories; but she cannot, in every case, be trusted to do this wisely until she knows the reasons for the existence of this love and the purposes it may be made to serve.

What is the secret of the fascination which story-telling has for the child? Is it not, first, perhaps, the fact that it interprets life—wonderful, mysterious, fascinating life—to him, and places in his hand a sort of telescope through which he eagerly peers into the world across the threshold of his nursery? Is it not, again, that it addresses the imagination—his dominant power, his delight, his way of escape, that he may be able to bear the dullness, the denseness, the want of comprehension, of the grown-up world? Stories satisfy, too, his "impatient feeling of justice," which the slow march of earthly events so often irritates, while they gratify his love of novelty and variety and his healthy curiosity. Froebel asserts that they arouse the inner life of the listener, that their flow carries him out of himself, and he thereby learns to measure himself more truly.

Fortunate, indeed, are we that what is so dear a delight to the child may at the same time be used as an agent in his mental and spiritual uplifting. Consider the story-teller, for instance, merely as the humble workman who rolls up the curtain that the drama of literature may begin. The curtain must be raised, else the play will remain a mystery, and an occasional half-heard voice only serve to tantalize the unfortunate audience.

Regarded in its proper light as the beginning of literature, the child's story assumes a more important position, and the duty at once becomes clear of selecting it wisely, that it may serve to lead to higher things. Because a child has a fresh, youthful appetite for tales of any kind, it does not follow that they will all give him equal nourishment. There are certain essentials which must always be considered in selecting a story. First, it must be true; by which I mean true when "ideally interpreted." The incidents need never have really occurred; indeed, some of the truest things have never yet happened. "Fact at best," as George Macdonald says, "is but a garment of truth, which has ten thousand changes of raiment woven in the same loom." Then it must be suitable in length, for the art in this is like that of a letter—to leave off so that the hearer shall wish there was more of it. Should it not also keep in touch with the dominant interest of the day, if this be one appropriate to childhood? Indeed, if it is not appropriate, better seize the interest and turn it to nobler uses, for when the town is ringing with excitement over the outcome of a prize-fight it is idle to suppose your boy will be deaf to the echoes. Why not take the occasion to introduce him to some of the grand figures of mythology, to the real heroes of history, or to recite some stirring ballad of doughty deeds which will make him feel what courage really is and how a true knight uses his strength.

That the story should be clothed in well-chosen, fitting words, and told in as graceful a style as possible, goes without saying if you agree that the germs of literary taste begin to grow under its influence. I sincerely believe, however, that it is better to tell a story most clumsily and with a halting tongue than not to tell it at all. If it have a vital interest and hold a kernel of truth, the child will appropriate from it what he needs, in spite of its rude setting; for familiarity with good English and literary taste are not the only things developed by story-telling. They are merely the beginning of the long category. We cannot teach a child by maxims, for instance (and I doubt if we can the adult until he has seen experience illustrate them); but pour the truth they hold into the mold of an attractive story and watch the effect upon the mind. The tale is often asked for if it is a really good one, and by and by the truth it enfolds takes root and grows, and will keep on growing though adverse winds of doctrine blow. By means of these stories the child is confronted with actions and situations quite new to him, but upon which he must perforce pass unconscious judgment, and thus his discrimination is aroused and his ideals are strengthened. You may spend hours in moralizing to a child upon the beauty of unselfishness, and not produce a thousandth part of the effect which you might have made by telling him the story of gallant Philip Sidney and the cup of cold water given to one whose necessities were greater than his.

We must never neglect the purely imaginative story

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when dealing with children, for, though we grown folk may live in a matter-of-fact world, the little ones are still by choice in the realm of fancy, and their place of residence must be considered when we select their literature. If imagination be the strongest element in the child's nature (and who can doubt it who really knows him), then it obviously needs wise guidance rather than repression. Be sure the power is there for some good purpose, and that you ignore one of your highest possibilities for influence when you pass it by.

The fairy tale, with its simple, uninvolved plot, its transparent personages, its poetic atmosphere, and its hazy, indefinite time of action, is absolutely suited to children, who, as Mr. Howells says, "do not very distinctly know their dreams from their experiences, and live in a world where both project the same quality of shadow." Doubtless there are fairy tales entirely unfit for children, which have been perverted since they trickled long ago from the spring of universal myth; but the same objection may be made to absolute historic happenings, and the story-teller above all other people needs constantly to exercise his judgment and his critical faculty.

Nor can there be any fear of telling the fairy tale too often when we reflect that the great stream of literature at our command has a host of branches, of which this is only one. There are the science stories, which may be made most valuable and interesting, and the patriotic stories, especially appropriate to the nation's holidays, which deal with the beginnings of history, and, by leading the child to admire, gradually bring him to love, his country. Then there is perhaps now and then some tale which will develop sympathy with our kinsmen the animals, or some wise little fable which will instruct as well as amuse. And why, in the name of all that is beautiful, do we confine ourselves so largely to prose when talking and reading to children? They are a hundred, a thousand times more susceptible than we to the linked sweetness of cadenced syllables, to the musical fall or martial swing of verse. I have seen many a stolid, lumpish child sit, breathing heavily, staring at the opposite wall, quite vacuous and unimpressed during the recital of an ordinary story, and yet if a line or two of poetry has fallen on his dull ear he has slowly turned toward the speaker, his glazed eye brightening, and animation transforming his whole expression. And this he will do oftentimes though the poem be almost entirely beyond his comprehension; and he will even rouse from his lethargy sufficiently to give a feeble encore, though he has never before been known to express any form of emotion.

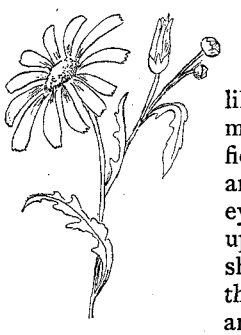
One great drawback to the telling of stories, either in prose or verse, is that there are so few that can be bought ready-made, as it were. There seems to be a very general misconception on the part of authors as to what the child really likes, doubtless due to a mere bowing acquaintance with him, or to a superficial observation of the workings of his mind. Many collections of stories are *about* children rather than *for* them, and are much more appropriate for the adult in their careful delineation of character and accurate painting of emotions. Others are patiently written down to the child's level, as the saying goes, there being some general misunderstanding as to where that level is, and a failure on the part of the author to comprehend that it is frequently quite above his own head.

If one has had long experience with children, however, and knows them as well as one can know beings of another star, it is comparatively easy to adapt literature to their needs, to shorten here, lengthen there, and generally to fit the garment to the wearer. Again, one may lack experience entirely and yet have an innate fitness for the work and an intuitive comprehension of and sympathy with childhood, which is in effect a kind of genius; and for these two classes of people the work of story-telling is easy.

But if one have neither natural adaptation nor experience, still I say, Tell the stories; tell the stories; a thousand times, tell the stories! You have no cold, unsympathetic audience to deal with; the child is helpful, receptive, warm, eager, friendly. His whole-hearted interest, his surprise, admiration, and wise comment, will spur you on to greater efforts, and when the story is concluded you will wonder which of you has been the greater gainer.

Daisies

By Helena D. Leeming

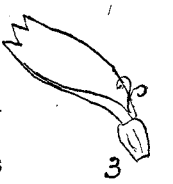


Our white and gold daisies that grow in the meadows and roadsides all through June and July are not like the dear little English daisies that make pink and white patches in the fields where the sheep browse. Ours are tall and straight, and have bright eyes that open wide when the sun comes up over the edge of the earth, and that shut up with long white eyelashes when the sun goes down. That is why they are called day's eyes or daisies.

Daisies are the nicest flowers in the whole field for crowns and wreaths and necklaces; but there is one thing that spoils them: they are always swarming with little black insects, and no matter how hard one shakes a daisy there will still be some of them crawling up and down over its velvet center.

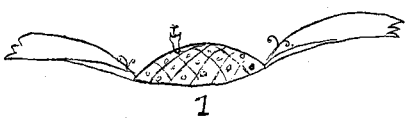
These wee bugs are very important, for they are messengers, and they fetch and carry and do work for the daisy. For a daisy is not one flower, as we think it is; it is really about a hundred flowers, all growing together in a little garden that grows as high up in the air as did the garden of the giant who lived on top of Jack's Beanstalk.

But it is such a tiny garden that only the smallest elf could walk in it. The white rays that we pull off when we say, "He loves me, he loves me not," are the outside flowers, and are like a white picket fence around the garden. When one of these ray-flowers is put under a magnifying-glass, the pistil and the little seed-bag can be seen, as in Fig. 3.



3

The whole space of the daisy-garden is divided up into little plots, and in each plot one of the flowers grows, as in Fig. 1. This flower, when it is magnified, looks like a yellow bell, that stands up on its handle. Fig. 2 is a picture of one of these flowers. The handle is the place where the seed is going to grow; for the whole business of each of these daisy-flowers, next to looking pretty, is to make a seed. Up from the seed-bag grows a long, slender style split in half at the top; and inside the bell are five stiff little stamens that stand in a row like soldiers and that are just bursting with pollen. Fig. 4 shows one of these five stamens.



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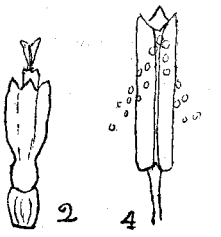

2 4

Now, this is how the little insects play errand-boys in the daisy-garden. The seeds cannot get ripe until some pollen-grains have gone down the long style. But no daisy-flower likes to use its own pollen; it always prefers to use the pollen of some other daisy. But it cannot reach over and get it, so it calls up the messenger-bugs. The way it does this is by secreting a drop of honey at the bottom of the cup, which the insects are very fond of. At the same time the style is growing up and pushing out the pollen-grains, but it keeps its two halves shut up tight for fear some of the grains will get inside. Soon an insect comes in great haste to get at the honey; he crawls over the edge of the flower and the tops of the stamens, trying to find a place to dip his tongue into the honey, and in so doing gets himself covered with pollen. If we could see one of these pollen-grains under a very powerful microscope, it would look like Fig. 7.

7

When the insect has taken all the honey he wants, he

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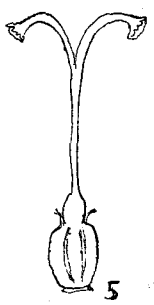
crawls out, dusty and yellow, and goes to another flower. But now the style thinks it is time it had some pollen, so it begins to curl out and make two little mouths; they bend over in just the right position to catch some pollen-grains from the back of the next insect that comes along dusty with the pollen of some other flower. Fig. 5 shows how the stigma-mouths curl over.


5

Just as soon as the stigmas get the kind of pollen they want, the seed down at the bottom begins to grow. It swells and makes a hard wall, and the wall grows ribbed with black and white markings, and by and by it becomes a beautiful little polished seed like Fig. 6.

6

Whenever one of these daisy-seeds drops to the earth, another daisy-plant may spring up the next year. And this is how fields grow full of daisies and roads are white with them for miles. It is all because the little black bugs crawl around and get the pollen on their backs.

The Vacation Fund

June 4, 1894.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have become much interested in the "Working-Girls' Vacation Fund," and wish to help in some way. As my husband is a commercial traveler, and I am alone most of the week, the idea came to me that I could take one of the girls into my home for a couple of weeks, and give her nourishing food, plenty of God's pure air and sunshine, and perfect rest, and *help her if she had auy sewing she wanted done.* I am located a little out of the city limits, where it is as quiet as the country. I would pay her expenses both ways. This might not be the best way I could help "one of these," and, if you think it impracticable, I will send ten dollars instead toward her vacation at Cherry Vale, upon hearing from you. Yours very sincerely,

(Mrs.) J. O. P.

The above letter is published chiefly because of the sentence in italics. Hundreds of homes have been offered to working-girls by the readers of The Outlook, but for the first time the suggestion is made that not only should the girl have a vacation, but that she should be helped to do her sewing. Only those women who are compelled to support themselves know what an awful burden the necessary sewing becomes. The woman who controls her own time, who can fit and arrange her daily labor so that she can control a few hours of daylight for the doing of her sewing, little realizes what it is to have mending and making which must be done week after week, when the only time for sewing is at night. Comments are frequently made on the negligent appearance of working-girls; and those who love them, individually and as a class, have their cheeks burn many times because of the justice of the criticisms; more than once, well understanding how difficult it is to sit down and sew after a hard day's labor in a factory, behind a counter, or at an office, they have preached to the working-girls, insisting upon nicety in clothes.

In order to appreciate the difficulties that surround working-girls—that is, the majority of them—it must be remembered that not only must their sewing be done at night, but that thousands of them have gone into factories and shops at the age of fourteen, going out of homes where the needle is as much of a stranger as an electric machine. It is just this dense ignorance of the necessary arts in home-making that makes the working-girls' clubs and kindred organizations of untold value, primarily to the working-girl, and secondarily to the whole nation. The day is going to come when in every vacation home kept open for working-girls there will be two professional teachers, one of cooking and one of sewing; it will be possible then for every girl during her two weeks' vacation to take a lesson in either or both of these very necessary home sciences. Classes are maintained at the clubs; but let any woman who reads this article, and feels that the working-girl does not live up to her opportunity, spend the day in washing or in cleaning paint (which would be about the equivalent in muscular effort of the kind of labor performed by thousands of working-girls), and then let that woman sit down at night to train herself in some useful art whose elementary steps are not interesting, and she probably will understand what she has demanded from the working-girl.

To come back to the womanly, Christian letter at the head of this article. Every working girl and woman who reads it will say, with a deep wave of thanksgiving to the center of her soul, "God bless that woman for her desire to help the working-girl just where the help will tell most for her freedom for the entire year!" We are only just beginning, in this great, free country, to come close together. Those who have are beginning to realize the appalling limitations of those who have not, and the bridge is being built, and back and forth over this bridge givers and receivers are passing, and each is made richer because of the contact. No one work has helped to accomplish this more than the vacation work. Hunger arouses sympathy; pain will make the hearts of the hard-hearted throb when they look at the sufferer; but was there ever a greater evidence of a consciousness of the Fatherhood of God and the fellowship of man than when those who have make it possible for the weary, for the tired working-girl to rest for two weeks from her work? At last it has dawned upon those who have known beauty all their lives that in beauty there is a ministry, and that it is worth while making the summer home where the weary, tired working-girl rests a beautiful home, where often for the first time she knows what it is to live in an atmosphere of cleanliness, order, good-fellowship, plenty, beauty, and a home life lived on a spiritual plane.

Previously acknowledged	$1,550 72
From a Sister	1 00
A Friend	2 00
In His Name, Washington, D. C.	5 00
F. H. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.	10 00
The January Sisters	25 00
Silver Cross Circle of King's Daughters, I. H. N., W. Randolph, Vt	7 00
M. E. B.	3 00
H. B. R., Hartford, Conn	10 00
A Friend, Wheeling, W. Va.	5 00
G. L., Albany, N. Y.	7 00
F. W. V. W., East Orange, N. J.	10 00
C. S., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.	5 00
M. C. N., Vermont	2 00
Steadfast Circle King's Daughters, Rochester, N. Y.	1 00
Total	$1,643 72

Grandma Howe's Birthday

By H. F. Lovett

Everybody called her so, and it was the nicest birthday celebration I ever saw.

The idea was Flora's—Mrs. Evans. A month beforehand she began to notify every one in the family, near and remote, every friend wherever he or she might be, and every acquaintance, however slight, that the 18th of November would be her mother's seventieth birthday; and asked each of them to send a letter or card that should arrive on that day.

"Write a letter if you have time," she would urge; "but please send something, if it is only a postal card."

Every one who was in the secret racked his brains to think of some one else to ask, and the list of those who answered grew and grew.

Fortunately for the scheme, the birthday fell upon a Monday. On Saturday morning Maurice Howe went to the post-office and made arrangements that all the letters that arrived in town for his mother that day should be kept till Monday morning. This is contrary to post-office regulations, but the postmaster was taken into confidence. Those arriving on Sunday would wait anyhow, so there were two days' accumulations.

Monday morning Mrs. Howe awoke feeling rather blue. It was raining, and she had rheumatism. She said she was getting old sure enough, and she thought she would stay in bed that morning. But as her breakfast was brought in on one tray, her daughter followed with another bearing a

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birthday cake. It was thick with frosting, and bore the date in pink sugar-plums. But it was nearly concealed by the piles and piles of white envelopes that were heaped around and above it like a snowdrift.

"All for me!" exclaimed Mrs. Howe, astonished. "Why, who in the world are they from?"

There were a hundred and seven.

She opened and read half a dozen, while her coffee grew cold and they had to bring up more. Then she said she must get up to read the rest. Oh, the rheumatism wasn't anything! It was going away, and she would sit by the fire.

There were letters from all her children and grandchildren and nieces and nephews and cousins; from their husbands and wives, when they had any, and from their relations on the other side who wanted to be counted in. There was a reminder of some sort from every acquaintance, and there were letters from old, old friends who had been lost sight of for years.

It was these last, perhaps, that Grandma laughed and cried the most over. Some of them would tell of children she remembered who were now grown up: how Jimmy was a prosperous merchant in St. Louis, and Eddy, whose first pink socks she had knitted, had just bought a ranch, and Fanny had been married long ago and her *baby* was six feet tall! And sometimes there was sadder news, of some one who had died.

Where the handwriting was not familiar there was great excitement trying to guess something from the postmarks.

"How in the world did you remember them all, Flora?" her mother kept saying; "and how did you know where to find them?"

"Well, I kept a memorandum-book, and we all ransacked our memories. Then when I wrote to one I would ask what had become of somebody else, and send a message; and when I was in New York last week I spent a couple of hours over the directories of several cities, and I found out where the Bennetts lived, and those Howes that you liked, that were no relation."

A second batch of letters came by the twelve o'clock mail, and found Mrs. Howe sitting by the front window, half buried in envelopes. The postman had been in the secret—indeed, he had sent a birthday card himself, with his compliments, for had not Grandma Howe brought home his little boy when he was lost, and sent his wife flowers? He bowed and smiled at the window, and took a relish in dealing the letters one by one into the basket that the girl brought to the door. "Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Howe, *Mrs. Howe*," he reiterated. There were three dozen this time.

It seemed to take a week to read and digest them all, and it was a great many weeks before Mrs. Howe grew tired of talking them over and answering them.

A great many birthday cards and many handsome presents had come with the letters, but the letters themselves were the best.

Of course every one would not have enjoyed it so much. Some people's sympathies narrow as they grow older; but to Grandma Howe nothing bought with money could have given a tithe of the pleasure.

Woman's Need for Woman

Every little while we have revelations of the need of some form of paternal government even in a republic. Recently a woman appeared before one of the justices in a police court and begged him to commit her to the workhouse. She said that she could not save herself from drinking. She was almost a wreck physically, and felt how impossible it was for her to save herself. This brings to mind a case met by the writer about seven years ago. A visit to the jail in connection with one of the police courts was necessary. Passing into the woman's prison, the visitor was met by a woman about fifty-five years old, with gray hair, roughened hands, strong figure, and most pleading eyes. She was in the striped dress of the woman prisoner, and said that she was helping the matron. Looking down at the floor, and in a trembling voice, she said: "I can only stay ten days; I wish it was a year."

"Why do you wish that?"

"Because I know just as soon as I get out of here I shall begin to drink again. I cannot help it; I don't want to do it, but the very minute that I get out, if I have any money, drink I must have."

"You don't look like a drinking woman."

"Oh, I don't drink all the time; the spells just come on me. I hired myself out last fall to a place in the country, and I told the lady not to give me my wages every month—only just a little; and I told her how sometimes I couldn't help but drink, but I did not think I would drink for three or four months anyway; and just Monday the feeling came on me just like a big devil getting hold of me, and I had a little money, and I got the coachman to bring me a little liquor, and the minute I got that I had to have more, and I just insisted on having my wages. The lady tried to coax me; she told me that she would buy liquor and give me a glass every morning and every night, only not to leave her. She did everything a Christian could do. Her husband, she said, told her how it was that sometimes folks couldn't help it, and that if I could just stay with her she would help me all she could; but there was no use. I told her I would stay if I could just have a glass night and morning, and she gave it to me; but there was no use. I had to have more, and I just wouldn't stay, and they gave me my wages, and I came to New York, and I drank it all up, or I lost it, for I didn't know anything until I found myself locked up at the station-house. Oh, lady, isn't there some place that women like me can go to, and ain't there no cure for it?"

All the while that she was talking the visitor's eye had been turned again and again to a heap in the corner on the seat. A beautiful veil of brown hair entirely hid a woman's face. Does God give the Magdalenes beautiful hair that they may hide their faces from the sight of men when their own souls are revealed to them? Below the veil of hair was a dirty, soiled calico dress; two feet, small and shapely, partly covered with old shoes, showed beneath the dress; one hand, clenched, rested on the knee. Going over to this forsaken woman, the visitor spoke softly; not a movement except a little tightening of the clenched hand. "I don't want to intrude, but is there anything I can do for you? I wish you would let me; you seem to be all alone." No movement. Stretching out her hand, the visitor put it on the prisoner's head, and said: "What beautiful hair!" There was a quick movement, the head was thrown back, the veil of hair fell from her face, and a woman surely not over twenty-five was revealed. "Can nothing be done for you?" She shook her head sadly. "Why, you are a young woman."

The conversation went on, and the story of that girl's life was a condemnation of our whole system of dealing with women who fall. That woman, from the time she was nineteen years old, had not been off of Blackwell's Island longer than one week at a time, convicted each time for the same offense—drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Only once was she committed for three months, and then, of course, she was simply condemned as a prisoner. There was no attempt at reformation; nothing was done to change either her moral or her physical condition, and at the end of each commitment she returned to New York with a little less self-respect, a little less love for human kind; and because of this, she more readily went to her refuge, rum, the only thing that brought oblivion. Was there ever a greater farce than to continue committing a human being for the same offense for the same length of time?—for that woman had been convicted in one year seventeen times. She had been off of the Island, when seen, but twenty-four hours, and she was going back for ten days. If there is any one thing the women of New York could and should do, it is to create a sentiment in favor of a reformatory for women committed in the city courts. The college women of the country have a magnificent opportunity before them. If those of them who feel the necessity of self-support will consider the needs of the poor and the unfortunate, and train themselves in special fields to meet the needs of those who are now the victims too often of political methods that are not based either on science or religion, they will

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do noble work for God and man. Nowhere can preventive work bear richer fruit than it can in dealing with the short-term prisoners. None but scientific methods, supported by the spirit of Christian love, can redeem those whom man calls outcasts.

An Unsanitary Practice

The health authorities should prevent the beating of carpets in the yards of houses in thickly settled neighborhoods. Every city and town not already protected by a sanitary code against the perpetrating of such a nuisance should have such a code, and this code should be enforced by an enlightened public sentiment that would compel obedience.

The Fate of Nineteen Cats

By Katharine Newbold Birdsall

There were so many children and so many cats! You could not take a step without putting your foot down upon one or the other. Grandfather was really perplexed, and, for want of something better to do with them, he let them all stay just where they were—nineteen cats and all.

Grandfather lived on his large farm away back in the country, and a great deal of hard work there was to be done, and very few holidays did he take from his work; for farmers, as perhaps you already know, stand very little chance of succeeding unless they stick close to their tasks. The farm was a fine old place lying back in the country, nearly five miles from the beautiful Hudson River, about which you have probably heard many times, and, maybe, seen. It was a pleasure to live in such a beautiful place, and there was no end to the fun one could have in the summer-time.

If there was one thing of which Grandfather was more fond than another, it was fresh shad; and in the spring, when shad were caught in numbers right in the Hudson, his mouth would often water for a taste of the delicacy. The men who peddled fish about the country often came to the farm, but the fish they brought were nearly always stale and unfit to eat.

So, one day in May, Grandmother, who knew Grandfather's favorite dish, suggested that he should take a few hours from his work and go down to the dock where the shad were brought in just fresh from the water. Grandfather hemmed and hawed, and at last made up his mind to do it; so that afternoon he harnessed up one of the faithful old horses—I forget whether it was old Mary or Billy Denton. Anyway, he started for the dock, or landing, as they often called it, where the boats from New York City landed their passengers; and Jamie went with him.

They naturally had a very pleasant drive, and nothing unusual happened except that Grandfather purchased the largest and finest shad that had been pulled out of the water for many a day. It was wrapped with the greatest of care, and placed tenderly under the seat. Jamie watched it carefully, every now and then almost standing on his head in an endeavor to see if the shad were really there, catching sight of the tip of its tail as he did so; he somehow feared that it might take *fin* and leave them in the lurch. But it reached home in a perfect condition, and the whole family rejoiced to see the almost unknown luxury.

Supper-time was approaching, as such times have a way of doing, and the shad was placed in the cellar until it should be time to cook it. Grandmother would trust no one but herself to cook it, so the fire was poked and raked until the coals were in condition to give out the right amount of heat, and then the greased gridiron was put over the coals, and finally the beautiful fresh shad. As it commenced to cook, Grandfather exclaimed:

"How very good it does smell, Sarah! Be sure you don't let it burn."

Grandmother was so much absorbed in her cooking, and in replying to Grandfather's injunctions, that she failed to notice Mrs. Filkins, the old black cat, the one that had five small catlets out in the corn-crib. Mrs. Filkins had watched all these arrangements with great interest, and had licked her chops repeatedly, as much as to say, with Grandfather:

"Sarah, how good it does smell!"

In fact, I believe Mrs. Filkins had compared the adjectives, concluding that the fish smelled *better* than anything she could remember; and I think she also had counted noses, and decided that if she were left to the last, her share would be very small. It was at this juncture that Grandmother turned her back to the stove in order to get a large platter from the closet for the delicious shad, and then I believe came the superlative. Mrs. Filkins was sure that it was, without doubt, the *best* smelling fish she had ever had the pleasure of watching cooked. It was but a second after this that Grandmother, the largest platter in hand, turned toward the fire again to put the dish in the oven to keep warm.

To her amazement, the shad had disappeared!

The gridiron was there, but the shad was nowhere to be seen. Then Grandmother cast her eye toward the window and beheld the tail of the fish disappearing over the sill. With an exclamation loud enough to arouse Grandfather from his pleasant meditations in the dining-room, and the children from their books and games, she opened the door and dashed out. She was followed by Grandfather and the children, all very pale.

They were horrified to see sedate Mrs. Filkins assisting the shad along the gravel walk to the corner of the shed. As they made a rush for her, Mrs. Filkins, shad and all, disappeared under the south porch, and retired to the innermost corner.

Then there was a storm—a very hard storm—of words. Grandfather, usually so calm, was indignant at this outrage, and now saw his way clear to be justified in disposing of the cats that had so long been an annoyance.

"Every single cat shall be shot to-morrow!" cried he, when they had found that Mrs. Filkins had secured her prey against all persuasions to release it. "Yes, every one of the nineteen!"

And, oh, what an uproar there was then! Each and every child fell to crying, and declared that Grandfather was the most cruel, heartless man in the whole world. After a while, seeing what a tempest his words had aroused, Grandfather relented.

"Each of you may have his own pet, then," he said, "if you will promise to teach them to behave, and keep them out of the house at meal-times."

Of course all promised, and brows immediately commenced to clear. Then came the task of selecting. After much indecision, Beth decided to keep the black kitten with the white spot on its nose. Jamie found that his heart had a large spot in it for the amber-colored Tomcat; Bobby chose the Maltese; Ned promised better behavior for Mrs. Filkins; Nelly selected the Tabby; and little Belle lovingly hugged the ugliest of Mrs. Filkins's kittens. All had chosen but Constance, and she was silent, twisting the corners of her apron.

"Come, Connie, it's your turn now," said Grandfather. "Which is your pet?"

Tender-hearted little Connie didn't answer for a moment, and then she said, solemnly:

"All the rest are mine—I'll keep 'em all, please."

That saved the day; Connie kept her thirteen pets, and not one of the nineteen cats was shot.

Answers to Puzzles of June 2

Obscured Scientists.—1. Gray. 2. Tyndall. 3. Agassiz. 4. Newton. 5. Faraday. 6. Darwin. 7. Kepler.

A Circle of Words.—1. Fulfill. 2. Filter. 3. Terrace. 4. Race-course. 5. Courser. 6. Errand. 7. Random. 8. Domino. 9. Nomad. 10. Mad-cap. 11. Capful.

Shakespearean Enigma.—

"Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come."

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For the Little People

A Fairy Story

By A. G. Thompson

Three little children—Teddy, Jean, and Bobby—were running over the bright lawn in search of something new to amuse them, when they spied "Aunt Allie" quietly reading under a tree.

All three tumbled into her lap together, in one breath crying, "Tell us a new game, Auntie."

"Auntie," long used to such demands, quietly folded a green leaf between the pages of her book, lifted wee Bob to a seat on her knee, and, passing an arm around each of the other two, put on what she called her "thinking-cap," and fixed her dark eyes on the distant mountain for inspiration.

Soon thereafter she sprang up, and, holding Bobby's little fat hand, led them to the edge of a ravine near by, and cut three long willow twigs, which she stripped of leaves, giving one to each of the children, as she explained what they were to do with them.

Away flew the happy little ones with their "fairy wands," gayly touching every tree, stone, or fence within reach, with the command to "flower," never pausing in their tireless round to see if their fairy touch met the desired response.

But as the sun slipped down behind the mountain in the West, Bobby's little fat legs grew tired, and he sank down to rest upon the bank, where old Rover sat watching his little master. As the faithful old dog nestled up to the weary boy, he rested his fairy wand upon his shaggy head, with the oft-repeated command to "flower," when this strange thing happened.

Rover slowly rose up on his stiff old legs, giving a wag of his bushy tail, which straightway became a mass of soft green feather-ferns. Out of his ears sprang great bunches of flaming spotted lilies, like the ones they had gathered in the morning.

He opened his mouth to yawn, and, lo! his red tongue turned to a beautiful spray of cardinal-flowers, exactly like those for which Bobby has cried because he couldn't cross the brook to gather them!

On his broad back were huge bunches of the brightest goldenrod, which swayed back and forth when he shook himself, as they do when the wind stirs them.

Bobby was delighted.

Not once that afternoon had Teddy or Jean made anything blossom! Now he shouted for them to come and see what *he* had accomplished.

Far away he seemed to hear an answering call of "Bobby! B-o-b-b-y!" and then, right over his head, Nursie's familiar voice saying—

"Here he is, gone fast off to sleep in the grass!" A pair of strong arms gathered him up and carried him off to his little bed, without his ever opening his eyes.

When he woke up next morning, with a picture of the strange flower-garden still in his mind, he slipped out of bed, and stole out of doors very quietly to take a look at the old dog.

Rover was watching for him; his shaggy brown coat was a good deal rumpled, and there were a few dry leaves and twigs twisted in it, and—nothing more!

Bobby gazed at him very earnestly, and the sagacious old fellow gave back a look that seemed to say, "You and I, Bobby, know something that nobody else does;" and Bobby was satisfied.

❀

Her Definition

She was a little girl playing with her doll. Some one overheard her saying softly to herself: "Diet! Diet! Diet!" "Why, Nellie, what are you saying? You do not know what 'diet' means."

"Yes, I do! It's eating something you don't want because it's good for you."

❀

Another House

It was up in an old cherry-tree, and the owner was a little girl who lived in the city half of the year. This little girl had no brothers or sisters, and so she had learned to play by herself. She had an extremely large family of paper dolls; in fact, the paper doll family filled a large pasteboard box. She dearly loved to make dresses for this family, and the house in the cherry-tree was the scene of many artistic triumphs.

You wonder how the little girl got there. Her father had large iron spikes driven into the trunk of the tree, so that they formed a spiral stair around the trunk, leading to the first strong limb. Just where the limb joined the tree a platform was built, and a seat arranged between the tree and the limb. A box with the sides for a roof was nailed on the limb, and here the dolls were placed where the winds could not touch them. A hook was in the side for the scissors, and a bag to hold cord. Another smaller box, with doors, was nailed on another limb, for books. Do you wonder that this little girl loved this tree better than any other place? She used to put on a waterproof and pull the hood over her head and go up in the tree on rainy days, just to enjoy the patter of the rain on the leaves. Sunday the little girl's father used to climb up in the tree, above the little house, which had only the tree for its roof, and read to the little girl, and these were the pleasantest hours in the little girl's life. Through the leaves of the tree the little girl used to watch the boats going up and down the Hudson; when she grew bigger, and used to sit up until it grew dark, she used to get up in the tree after tea, and sit there listening to the good-night of the birds, the call of the katydids, the throbbing of the engines of the boats on the river, and watch the lights as they appeared and disappeared on the passing boats.

The little girl is now a woman. All her life the memory of the house in the cherry-tree has been a beautiful memory. Recently she took the train and went back to that little village, hoping to find it just the same; hoping to find that some little girl—rather, a procession of little girls—had kept the house in the cherry-tree in repair.

She left the train and looked for the old stone bridge that crossed the track, on which she used to stand to meet her father when he came home, and bid him good-by in the morning. Alas! the track had been straightened, and less than half of the bridge was there; the rest was iron and wood. The old road was different. She wandered on, found a cross-road, and finally the old hedge that used to hide the real house in which she slept and ate. But the old cherry-tree was gone. A road leading toward the river was where the cherry-tree stood. The river gleamed through the trees just as it used to; the throbbing of the boats was just the same, and just the same sounds of rush and roar came from the passing trains. All about, where the green fields used to be, were houses now, some pretty and some ugly; roads like city streets cut the fields into squares. All was changed. The little house in the cherry-tree is now, indeed, only a memory to one little girl grown up; but it is a lovely memory, and sometimes she is a little girl when she thinks of it.

Honeysuckles

Within a belfry built of bloom,
  Above the garden wall they swing;
  A chime of bells for winds to ring,
Of mingled music and perfume.

What scented syllables of song
  Throughout the day their tongues repeat!
  They tempt with promise, honey-sweet,
The listener to linger long.

A bit of sunset cloud astray,
  The dappled butterfly floats near,
  Lured by the fragrant music clear;—
Trembles with joy, then fades away.

And thither oft, from time to time,
  The humming-bird and golden bee
  List, and go mad with melody—
The honey-music of the chime.

And thither, when the silver gleam
  Of moon and stars is over all,
  One white moth hovers near the wall—
A ghost to haunt the garden's dream!

—*Youth's Companion.*

❀

A Little American Girl

Last summer a little girl, ten years old, living in Indiana, was walking across one of the railroad tracks near a trestle across a deep ravine when she discovered that it was on fire. She knew that it was almost time for a train to come. She knew that the train would drop into the ravine if allowed to cross it. She took off her red flannel petticoat and went running up the track waving her danger-signal. She stopped the train at the curve and saved it. There were a number of French people on the train going to the World's Fair. These people were so grateful to this brave little girl that they, on returning to France, petitioned that the little girl should receive a medal of honor. President Carnot ordered the medal struck off, and it was sent to the little girl, reaching her last week. This medal is given in France only to those who have done marked acts of bravery. It is the medal which France gives her soldiers.

❀

The Brook

"It is the mountain to the sea
  That makes a messenger of me;
  And, lest I loiter on the way,
  And lose what I am sent to say,
  He sets his reverie to song
  And bids me sing it all day long.
  Farewell! for here the stream is slow,
  And I have many a mile to go."

—*Youth's Companion.*

❀

An Accomplished Youth

"Well, Freddie, I suppose you've learned to read by this time?"

"Yes," said Freddie.

"Words of one syllable, eh?"

"Not yet, sir," said Freddie. "But I can read words of one letter with my left eye."

—*Harper's Young People.*

❀

Dandelions

O'er worlds of green a scurrying swirl
  Of golden discs and feathery clocks,—
For Spring had raised her gates of pearl
  And loosed the dandelion flocks.

—*Youth's Companion.*

❀

Proof

"Flies is smarter 'n elephants," said Mollie. "Why, even if a elephant had that fly's wings he couldn't fly with 'em."—*Harper's Young People.*

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Sunday Afternoon

Christianity Supernatural[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—Revelation iii., 20.

This verse represents God as coming down to earth and knocking at the door of human hearts. Elsewhere we are represented as knocking. Here God is represented as knocking. And this representation runs throughout the Bible, Old Testament and New Testament. Throughout, God is represented as coming down to men, manifesting himself to men, dwelling with men, bringing to men newness and largeness of life. In the beginning God speaks to Adam, and reveals to him his law. He comes to Noah, and tells him to build the ark, and what kind of an ark to build. He calls Abraham out of the land of paganism. He appears to Moses in the burning bush, and tells him that he has seen what the children of Israel have suffered, and is coming down to deliver them. He makes his appearance to David in his exile. He shows himself to Isaiah and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and the prophets, and talks with them. In the New Testament, in the same way, God is represented as coming down to dwell with men. He is the shepherd going after the sheep; he is the woman seeking for the coin; he is the father going out to meet the returning son. So Christ is represented as coming to seek, as well as to save, that which is lost. All through the Pauline Epistles the same idea is involved. The righteousness which we are to seek is the righteousness that comes forth from God into our hearts, as against the righteousness which we build up ourselves by our own work. And, finally, in the end of the Apocalypse John sees the New Jerusalem, not built up from earth, little by little, but descending from heaven among men. This is the message of the Bible—Old Testament and New Testament: that God comes into life to dwell with the children of men.

Now, in our time, there is a school which proposes to preserve the Bible and leave this out. It says we cannot do without Christianity, but we must eliminate the supernatural; we must have what the Bible gives us, but we must leave out its message that God comes down into life to dwell with men. And some of us, who are supposed to represent the newer thinking, or, as it is sometimes called, the new theology, are often accused of proposing to eliminate the supernatural as far as we can—of being, as it is called, semi-naturalistic and semi-rationalistic. I want this morning, then, to say that we who represent the newer thinking object to the old theology, not because it is supernatural, but because it is not supernatural enough; not because it brings God too much into the world, but because it leaves him out too much. We are not moving in the direction of naturalism, but in the direction of a larger and more universal supernaturalism; not in the direction of rationalism, but in the direction of a larger and profounder faith. We believe that God is in his world, and it is because we believe that God is in his world that we hold to what is called the new theology.

In the first place, then, we believe in inspiration. We believe that God moves upon the hearts of the children of men. One human mind plays on another mind. Your thoughts are not yours only, but yours intermingled with thoughts that have come to you from others. You listen to a Phillips Brooks or a Henry Ward Beecher in order that you may get inspiration. If the sermon gives you that, you go out refreshed and helped; if it does not give you that, no matter what its learning, its rhetorical skill, its elocutionary power, it counts for nothing. We inspire one another through the spoken thought, through music, through all the various play of mind on mind. Now, we believe that this inspiration takes a larger range; that God himself comes down into the world and broods the minds of men, and gives them a clearer vision than they otherwise would have had, gives them a stronger hold on life, a larger faith and a more inspiring hope, a more patient and comprehensive love.

And we believe that through this inspiration God does really reveal and disclose himself to men. The conceptions which men have of God, under his inspiring influence, are not their fancies, not their creations; the word of the satirist is not true, that an honest God's the noblest work of man. We do not worship our own conceptions. God does really unveil himself. When, next fall, your friend comes back from across the sea, and tells you what he saw of the glory of the Alps, he will not tell you something that was simply wrought by his own imagination in his own brain; he will tell you of something he really saw. So, when David writes, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," and when John writes, "God is Love," they are not writing the product of their own imagination, they are not telling merely what they have thought; they are telling what has been revealed to them, what they have actually and truly seen.

And we believe that the Bible is the record of the revelation which God has thus made of himself to men, when they have been thus inspired by the brooding of his Spirit upon them. It contains the disclosure—the real disclosure—of a true and real God—God showing himself, and men seeing and writing what they have seen. It is true that we do not believe that inspiration stopped when the last word of the Bible was written. We do not believe that God then left his children alone, and held them to his breast and poured into their life his life no more. We do not believe that revelation ended when the curtain of the Apocalypse was drawn down, and God thereafter ceased to disclose himself to human vision. We do not believe that God became a dumb God at the close of the first century, or that man became a deaf man. It is true, also, that we do not believe that this record of the revelation that God has made of himself to men is an infallible record. We believe that these men of old saw, as all men must see, finitely, and therefore imperfectly. We believe what Paul says, "We know in part, and we prophesy in part." It is not possible for the finite to comprehend with perfectness the Infinite and the Eternal. All that man can see is a little part of God: one man one part, another man another part; and when all are put together, you have not the whole.

We believe, then, in a God who broods the human soul as the sunlight broods the earth; in a God who really has disclosed himself. The voices of the prophets and poets of the past, aye, and of the present too, are not the voices of human fancy, they are the voices of men telling us what they have seen and know: the voice of David, and the voice of Wordsworth; the voice of Isaiah, and the voice of John G. Whittier. If any one asks what is the difference between the inspiration and revelation of the olden time and the inspiration and revelation of to-day, I answer frankly, I do not know; I only know this: that you may search literature and you will find no book, and no collection of books, which throw such light on the moral and spiritual life as the Bible. But that is not because God spoke *once* and has been dumb forever since; it is not because he spoke into a mechanical phonograph, and then found men to grind it, that we may hear the echo of a far-away voice. We object to verbal inspiration, because verbal inspiration is no inspiration at all; because when you dictate to a man, and he simply takes your words and writes them down, he does not get the spirit; the letter killeth—always killeth—and there is no inspiration that does not stir men's hearts, and quicken their pulses, and kindle their imagination, and enrich their thinking, so that when the thought and life goes out from them, it is truly their thought and life and spirit. Otherwise they are but machines, not prophets. And we object to the theology that stands for verbal inspiration, because it denies prophecy and makes the prophet but a clerk and a scribe.

So we believe in incarnation. We do believe that Jesus Christ is the supreme man. We believe that he is the highest type of human nature. We believe that never before or since did man speak as this man spake or live as this

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, June 3, 1894. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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man lived. But we do not believe that is all. We believe that God has come down to earth and dwelt in human life, and made that life the manifestation and reflection and exhibition of his own. When we say we believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, we do not mean merely that everything that is noble and beautiful and true is divine, and Jesus Christ is noble and beautiful and true, and therefore he is divine. We mean that in Jesus Christ the very personal God himself was dwelling, and through Jesus Christ the very image of God himself is seen upon the earth. One may hold this and not believe in some of the miracles accredited to Christ in the New Testament; one may hold this and not think that Peter caught a fish and found a gold coin in his mouth; one may hold this and doubt the story of Jesus's supernatural birth, and believe, as some of the Gnostics of old did believe, that the Spirit of God came into Jesus at the baptism, and from that time on he was the divine Son of God. I myself believe in the divine birth. I find it easier to believe in the supernatural birth than in the natural birth of this divine Christ. And I believe in his miracles. It does not seem strange to me that God walking in human flesh should flash out scintillations of the divine glory. It does not seem strange to me that he himself, a perpetual miracle, should have given forth miracles. But that which is essential in our faith is this: Jesus Christ is God manifest in the flesh; for us men and our salvation He came down to earth. Jesus Christ is not merely the product of human growth, human culture, human development; Jesus Christ is the coming down of God to earth; and the very thing he came for was to show us who God is, and how God feels, and how God thinks; it was that you might know, when you stand at the open grave, what God feels toward you, that Jesus Christ, God manifest in the flesh, wept at the grave of Lazarus; it was that you might know what Jesus Christ thinks of you when you are whelmed in shame and ignominy over some great sin, that Jesus Christ said to the woman taken in adultery, Go, and sin no more; it was that you and I might know what God thinks of us when we come into his temple proud and greedy and worldly and self-satisfied, and think we are children of God because we are members of a church and have been baptized, that Jesus Christ flamed out in human wrath against the men who for a pretense made long prayers and devoured widows' houses.

So we believe in the forgiveness of sins; that is, we believe that God really and truly reaches down out of heaven and puts his arms, as it were, under the burdens we are carrying, and lifts them from us; we believe that there is a real cleansing power in God as he is manifested in Jesus Christ. Some of us have become so accustomed to the mere physical figure of the blood of Christ that we revolt from it. To me the blood of Christ is not a figure, but a symbol—the symbol of an inspiring life. To be cleansed by the blood of Christ means to be cleansed by the poured-out life of Christ; but whether one regards it as a figure and so revolts against it, or regards it as a symbol and so accepts it, both agree in this great fundamental truth, that God by his life poured into men is cleansing and purifying them. He is the stream that flows from the mountain-side through the sewers of life and flushes them out and cleanses them and takes them away. He is the ocean whose great tides flow in around the great city and carry off its filth and sweep out and utterly obliterate it. We are cleansed, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by the indwelling love and hope and life of an immortal and eternal God flowing into us through the power of Jesus Christ.

For we believe that the Incarnation is a continuity of fact. God came and dwelt in one man that he might come and dwell in all humanity. Jesus Christ said of himself, I am the door; and a door is not made merely to be looked at, beautiful as it may be; it is made to swing open on its hinges and let you in. Christ is the door to God for every man, and Christ is the door for God to every man. For God, through Christ as through a door, enters into human life that he may make us Christlike; that when his work is done and the whole human race is redeemed, he may be incarnate in humanity, an indwelling God. Some man says, You think, then, that the divinity of Jesus Christ does not differ from the divinity of man in kind, but only in degree? Exactly. Neither does it differ from the divinity of God in kind, but only in degree. How could it differ otherwise? There are not two kinds of patience, two kinds of justice, two kinds of hope, two kinds of love, two kinds of righteousness. In a word, there are not two kinds of divinity; there is only one divinity; and only as we have God's own divineness in kind the same, absolutely the same, are we living up to the standard and the measure of the children of God.

And so we believe in atonement; not in a mechanical operation, a something done outside of us. Atonement is bringing us into fellowship with God and making us one with him. Yesterday at Cornwall I took a little child from the mother's arms, and he came willingly to me, and I said, Now you can go upstairs and get the view, and I will hold him until you come back. But I had not got more than six or eight feet away before the child wanted to go back to mother; he was willing to stay with me so long as the mother was in sight, and no longer. That is atonement; the child one with his mother, and not able to be separated from her. Atonement—at-one-ment—is made between your soul and your God when you are such a child of such a Father that the one thing in life you cannot bear is to be taken from him, no matter by what arms. Jesus Christ came into the world to teach us that God and man are at one when man is what he ought to be. He came to show that human nature and divine nature are, in their essential elements, the same. Novelists prate of their knowledge of human nature, and present a picture of it in characters that are blotched and scarred and pestiferous, and I fling the book away; that is not human nature. This Gospel, this story of the life of Christ—that is human nature; for human nature is loving, patient, faithful, hopeful, courageous, brave, and all that is not so is against human nature as God means it to be, and as it will be when God has perfected it. Jesus Christ, perfect God and perfect man, living the one unique life, lives it that we may know that God and man are at one.

And we believe that this great work which God is doing in his world is a social and organic work. We do not believe that God is going about in life and picking out here a man, and there a woman, and there a child, and saying, I will make saints of these and pass all the others by. God is in the world redeeming the world; and when at last the kingdom shall come of perfect justice and perfect liberty—perfect liberty because perfect justice, perfect freedom because perfect obedience to the divine will—it will be a kingdom of God; it will not be a kingdom which men have built up by their own unaided efforts, but a kingdom which God has wrought in the hearts and lives of the children of men. In the Old Testament you will find the story of men undertaking to build a tower by which they should climb up unto heaven—the Tower of Babel. In the Apocalypse you will find the vision of a New Jerusalem let down from heaven among men. We believe in a religion which is the letting down of the New Jerusalem from heaven among men—not a mere building up of earthly institutions or of individual lives by personal endeavor. Some of you will say, perhaps, "I thought the preacher of Plymouth Church was an evolutionist!" I am. "And I thought that evolution meant the orderly and natural progress of life from a lower to a higher order!" It does. "And I thought that evolution meant that this natural and orderly progress is by a force from within, not by a force from without!" True, it does. And we believe that God is a force from within. We believe that the whole universe is the divine manifestation, and evolution is the method of that divine manifestation. We object, primarily and chiefly and fundamentally, to the old theology in so far as it is against the new, because it does not represent a God that is in human life, but a God that is standing outside of human life, correcting and interfering with it. We object to the old theology, not because it is too supernatural, but because it is not supernatural enough; not because it makes too much of God, but because it makes too little of him. We believe that God is in the

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world of matter, and all flowers, and all clouds, and all mountains, and all seas sing his praise, because they are the manifestation of his own wisdom and power, a wisdom and power that dwell within. We do not even object to Tyndall's statement that matter has within itself the potency of all phenomena. That potency is God. And God is in the world; not molding matter as the potter molds the clay on a revolving wheel, but molding it as you have molded your own countenance, by the kind of soul within you. And we believe in a God who dwells in the hearts of men and shapes and directs life from within; not an external Czar dwelling outside men and enforcing his commands by scourges here and Siberian exile hereafter, but a Father who so comes into personal touch with us, who so dwells within us, that we come to think his thoughts, and love with his love, and hope with his hope, and will what he wills. Take this out from Christianity and all is gone; there is nothing left; for the whole message of Christianity, the whole message of Jesus Christ, is summed up in this: that God is in his world redeeming the world unto himself, and all that men call natural is most supernatural, and all that men have called supernatural is most natural; for God is in nature, and nature is the outcome, the manifestation, the expression of God's will; and even human nature, redeemed from its wanderings, will be such, when at last God's redeeming work is over, and it sits at home clothed and in its right mind.

The Life of Christ[1]

I.—Introductory

By Lyman Abbott

I propose in a series of papers to sketch the life of Jesus Christ upon the earth, primarily for the aid of Sunday-school teachers who are following either the International Course or the Bible Study Union Course of lessons. As the latter is the more comprehensive of the two, and includes all the Scripture passages suggested in the former, I shall follow in this series of papers the latter course, in notes referring to the passages suggested for study in both courses.

Before taking up the life of Christ, it is desirable that the student should clearly understand why he is studying that life. I believe it is because that life answers the two profoundest questions which any one ever has to ask himself: First, What is man? Secondly, Who is God?

1. What is man? Before it is possible for one to accomplish anything, he must form some plan according to which he will work. Some ideal is a necessary prerequisite to any achievement. What will I make of myself? Before I can answer this question I must ask and answer another: What is true manhood? What ought I to wish to be? This is the first and most fundamental question of religion. Not, Is there a God? Not, Is there a salvation from sin? But, Is there any ideal to which man may aspire, to which also he may patiently and hopefully direct his endeavors? For until this question is answered, he cannot answer the others. He cannot know what sin is until he has known what is the ideal, falling away from which constitutes sin. He cannot know whether there is a God who has anything to do with him until he knows something about himself.

This first and fundamental question Jesus Christ answers. What is human nature? The Gospel replies: Jesus Christ is the embodiment of true human nature; whatever fails to come up to the standard of Jesus Christ fails to come up to the standard of a true manhood. Depravity is not natural, but, as Horace Bushnell has well said, unnatural, contra-natural. It is the true nature of man to be a child of God, and what is meant by a child of God the life and character of Jesus Christ declare to us. We are to follow him because he is the ideal of humanity; we are to study him that we may know what that ideal is. It is one of the remarkable features of his life and character that he has historically furnished an ideal for so great a variety of individuals—for the ancient and for the modern; for the Occidental and for the Oriental; for the philosopher and for the laborer; for the soldier, the statesman, the poet, the preacher, the workingman; for man and for woman. Augustine and Luther in the pulpit, Havelock and Howard in the camp, William of Orange and Gladstone in the statesman's office, Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton in the hospital, the merchant in his counting-room and the mother at her cradle, have all found the ideal for their life, the pattern for their imitation, in Jesus Christ.

Not, indeed, in following even him in any exact and servile imitation, not in trying to do the things he did in the way in which he did them, not in being baptized by submersion because he was submersed, or eating the Lord's supper reclining because he reclined at the first supper, not in being an itinerant minister, or indeed a minister at all, because he was a preacher without a settled home—not thus do we follow him. If this were following Christ, he could be a model only for the few. We follow him when we learn what his spirit was, and are inspired by that spirit ourselves; when we show in our lives the patience, the courage, the long-suffering love which he showed in his, and solve the problems of our day and generation by applying to them the principles which he inculcated and applied. This must be our first duty, and this our first desire, in studying the life of Jesus Christ—to see what life may mean, and ought to mean to us.

2. The other great question I believe he also answers—Who is God?

The preface to John's Gospel is the fitting preface to our study of this incomparable life. God has always been a Word. That is, he has always been a speaking, self-manifesting, self-revealing God. God is love; and love always, and by the very necessity of its nature, puts forth life for the sake of others. God has thus always been manifesting himself in nature, in poets and prophets, in heroes known and unknown. Especially has he manifested himself in and through the one chosen people of Israel, whose genius fitted them for the special manifestation of divine righteousness. At last, when the preparatory work was done, and the fullness of time had come, he manifested himself in one unique and transcendent human life. The Word which had always been speaking of the divine glory "was made flesh and dwelt among us."

In Jesus Christ God and man are reconciled. Not as by some extraneous act done for both God and man by some third person; they are reconciled in Jesus Christ primarily because Jesus Christ is a true man, and the true man always is and must be divine; because, on the other hand, Jesus Christ is the supremest manifestation of God to man, and that supremest manifestation can be no otherwise than in a human life. We study, then, the life of Christ that we may understand the life of God. What Jesus Christ was in the three short years of his public ministry, that God is in his infinite and eternal relations to the children of men. Jesus Christ is God adumbrated that we may look upon him. He is the image of God made finite that we may comprehend him. He is not the manifestation of one phase of God, as of his mercy, with another phase—his wrath—to come by and by; he is the manifestation of the whole moral attributes and qualities of the infinite, the eternal, and the otherwise unknown. Therefore it is that through him we have access to the Father. When we look above us or about us or within us, and wonder who is He that made the world, that rules mankind, that inspires the individual soul, the answer is always the same. He is such an one as Jesus Christ was, for Jesus Christ was God manifest in the flesh.

We study, then, this life of Christ, in the second place, that we may know who God is. What Paul declared to the Athenians, that this life still declares to us: "whom ye without understanding worship, him declare I unto you." I ask the readers of these papers, as they read them, and as they read with care the successive passages of Scripture upon which these papers are founded, always to ask themselves these two questions: What is man? and Who is God? and for the answer to these questions look to this unique and incomparable life.

[1] John i., 1-18; Luke i., 26-38.

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Books and Authors

The Truth of the Christian Religion[1]

There has of late been a loud outcry over the wickedness of "Ritschlianism," but it has come, so far as we observe, from those who do not read German, or the works of Ritschl and of his successors. Somehow it has leaked out that the intrepid Harnack, in his "History of Dogma"—which may some one translate for us—did ignore, or almost ignore, Calvin and Calvinism as not being a proper stage in the true development of Christian consciousness, but an intrusion. Other Ritschlians have done the same thing, and great has been the wrath of the reviewers. We do not intend to excuse Harnack for his omission, but we do wish to correct the opinion of those who have been taking "Ritschlian" for a synonym of soul-destroying heresy. Here follows what Professor Ritschl himself gave as a summary of his theological system, and we take it from a letter written to the late Dr. Schaff shortly before his death: "Strictest recognition of the revelation of God through Christ; most accurate use of the Holy Scripture as the fountain of the Christian religion; the view of Jesus Christ as the ground of knowledge for all parts of the theological system." Professor Kaftan, of Berlin, has been known as a "Ritschlian," and his work, "The Truth of the Christian Religion," has recently been translated, and well translated, by Mr. George Ferries, with a prefatory note by Dr. Robert Flint. Dr. Flint does not commit himself to any opinion in this preface. It is unnecessary. That he should even write a prefatory note will be enough in the estimation of those who are arrogating the name of "orthodox." But Professor Flint is too profound a student of the philosophy of history to ignore the plain evidence that Protestant Christianity, in order to be consistent, must be first of all ethical. The theologians of the Tübingen school assailed Christianity on its most defenseless side—its doctrinal theology. Ritschl, in opposition, endeavored to eliminate the metaphysical weak element from Christianity. As Kaftan truly says, a rational system of doctrine, while it may be akin to Christianity, is not Christianity. This may seem to be going too far; it may reckon too little with the intellectual factor in the development of humanity. Nevertheless, what the Tübingen school found out cannot be denied—the history of doctrine is a destructive criticism of doctrine.

The Ritschlians, therefore, were right, as Kaftan is right, in obeying the advice, "Back to Kant." Kaftan goes back to Kant for his rectification of the errors of theology, and finds that the true rule of faith is in the Practical Reason, not in the Speculative. He therefore assumes the truth of the adage, "*Anima naturaliter Christiana*"—*i. e.*, "the spiritual content of human life." Kaftan, however, does not go as far as Ritschl in his rejection of speculative or rational theology, only he rigidly subordinates it to ethical religion. It may be said, with some proof of experience, that disbelief is the effect of personal sins. In consequence of his sins a man ceases to believe in his own integrity, then in the goodness of his fellow-men, and, finally, in God. We give this as an illustration, in a simple way, of the fundamental reasoning of Kaftan. If we believe in the moral perfection of the Lord Jesus Christ, we are not troubled with the question of his miracles. Approach the Christian religion on its moral side and you have its firmest proof. Then the mystical and dogmatic elements follow naturally. We shall not deny the speculative truth when we have made the moral our own. "The proof here presented for the truth of Christianity," he says, "is nothing but the form in which the Christian faith, while fully preserving its truth as founded on God, succeeds in entering into organic relation with the mental life of the present." This Protestantism must learn, for Protestantism results from the Christian faith and modern culture, as Catholicism is the product of the Christian faith and ancient culture. Protestantism, therefore, to be consistent, must break with the traditional method of regarding Christianity. From the past it has inherited the habit of taking hold of religion by the wrong end. For this reason its moral effect has been incommensurate with its saving efforts. After all these centuries, both ecclesiastical schism and immoral dogmas, together with a cultivation of selfishness under the guise of piety, have hindered the religion of Jesus. It is from the standing-point of Kaftan that social Christianity must needs cry into the ears of the modern Church. It is from this mental attitude that the vexing problem of the relation of the Kingdom of God to the Church will receive, as we think, its true solution. Only when we have come to understand some such position as this of Kaftan shall we be able to perceive a ground for the organic unity of Christendom. The importance of the work is evident, although already some of our own thinkers have been thinking along the same lines. Two or three books that in the last year have come from the American and the English press have had the identical concept of Kaftan for their basis. In short, though we may not accept in all its details the German theologian's argument, we must perceive that it formulates the consciousness of modern Christianity. It is no objection to say that this thought is in the air, and that it is the *Zeitgeist*. If God be in his world, then perhaps the Time-spirit may not be the enemy of the Holy Ghost.

[1] *The Truth of the Christian Religion*. By Julius Kaftan, D.D., Professor in the University of Berlin. Translated from the German, under the Author's supervision, by George Ferries, B.D., with a Prefatory Note by Robert Flint, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. 2 Vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $6.

Samuel Longfellow[1]

In Mr. Longfellow's "Essays and Sermons" we discover no godlike rush of thought and feeling, but we do discover an enviable gentleness, calmness, directness, and conviction. Nor are they altogether deficient in some faint reflection of the power of poetical expression with which nature so prodigally dowered Mr. Longfellow's famous brother. In style, the essays and sermons are much alike. From them no one would surmise that the preacher's excess of sensitiveness, as well as his poor health, had hampered his ministerial labors, although it might be correctly inferred that there was a growing individualism, like Frothingham's and Higginson's, to somewhat weaken any sympathy with Unitarian organized endeavor. Indeed, in nothing so much as in his longing for a free pulpit was Mr. Longfellow at once hindered and helped. Whether he served at Fall River or Brooklyn, Boston or Germantown, it was this high note that rang through all his discourses. Since their utterance, every year has only emphasized the more such words as these:

> It is charged, on the one hand, that the pulpit is the discourager and enemy of free thought; that it discountenances free inquiry; that, professing the doctrine of private judgment, it is opposed to its free exercise; that it anchors itself to obsolete theologies; refuses new light; is suspicious of new doctrine; and, holding up its infallible Church, or infallible creed, or infallible Bible, deters any who would question them by the cry of infidel and heretic. Or, again, that it has been timid and feared to speak out its belief or its doubts. On the other hand, it is charged with being faithless to humanity; that, like the Pharisees of old, it has tithed mint, anise, and cummin, and omitted justice and mercy; has devoured widows' houses, and for a pretense made long prayers; that it has been silent upon great wrongs, afraid or unwilling to speak plainly of popular sins; that it has been the defender and bulwark of injustice and oppression, at least their abettor by timid acquiescence of faint, undecisive speech. The force of such charges can lie only in their truth. To a considerable extent, and with noble and increasing exceptions, they have been true. They are not to be met by recrimination, nor even by a mild rebuke of their intemperance of statement. They are to be met and disposed of only by the pulpit's heartily identifying itself with all progress; by its throwing aside all unworthy reserves and fears, and not tolerating only, but welcoming, all free thought and inquiry; and by

[1] *Essays and Sermons of Samuel Longfellow*. Edited by the Rev. Joseph May. *Memoir and Letters of Samuel Longfellow*. Edited by the Rev. Joseph May. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.50 each.

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its declaring a cordial sympathy with the main principles and aims of practical reform.

Mr. Longfellow had an epigrammatic way of driving things home to the hardest-headed of his parishioners; as, for instance, when he remarked, "Religion is man's consciousness of God. Theology is man's theory of God." In short, while these sermons and essays are not those of a heaven-born genius, they are the characteristic helpful self-expression of one who was what the bronze tablet in the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn declares him, "a man of gentle nature, liberal culture, loving heart; a faithful preacher and pastor, earnest in reform, the friend of little children, a poet of religion."

It is, however, especially in the "Memoir and Letters" that we meet with a better proof of the foregoing traits, and also of an entire and apparently unconscious naturalness. Few letters sound so honest and so high-souled. There is not half enough pertaining to the family life of the Longfellows, but everything on that subject finds an immediate echo of like experience in the reader's heart. Writing of his father's death, Samuel says: "We all had the strongest sense of his presence with us after he had left the body—a joyful presence, as of one from whom a cloud had passed and a burden fallen, and who now stood among us in health and new life, giving us his happy benediction." Hardly less appealing is the account of the Cambridge training. One of its most important incidents was the undertaking with the late Samuel Johnson (Mr. Longfellow's close friend for forty years) to prepare a new hymnal for the Unitarian Church. Not only did they print fresh, if not wholly new, spiritual songs from Theodore Parker, Henry Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Trench, Clarke, Furness, and others, but they really introduced Whittier to the world as a hymnist. The publication also included Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," which they had found as an anonymous poem in a newspaper; and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," appeared for the first time in an American hymnal.

Concerning his New England friends, Emerson, Alcott, Hale, and the rest, there is not one word too much. The account of them and of new friends abroad is delightful reading; it is gossip in its highest form. Passing over many a capital sketch, here is one of the author of "Sartor Resartus:"

Having heard Martineau and Stanley, I went in the evening to see and hear Carlyle in his dingy house near the waterside at Chelsea. He received us kindly—a slender figure in iron-gray surtout, with iron-gray hair and beard, and a face all marked over with strength and shrewdness, and touched with tenderness. Apropos of Emerson's "Gulistan" (a most disappointing book to me), Carlyle poured out about Oriental literature, and told us some story from a favorite Eastern book, whose name I have now forgotten. Then the talk turned upon Palmerston. He said he was not a man of ideas or principles; there were things "the vulgar applauded, but men of deeper insight withheld their applause." He was not a man to lead the people; such were few at any time; but he was kindly, and kept things well together, and when he should be gone "many an uglier man might come in his place, and so I always said, 'Live on, friend, as long as you can.'" All this and much more was said in a genial, kindly tone, in strong Scotch accent, with an occasional hearty and pleasant laugh. But universal suffrage happening to be spoken of, he at once lost his good humor and his good sense. "To give every man a vote is to make Judas the equal of Jesus" (!). "*I* never had a vote;" then, growing more fierce at some mild protest of mine, he began to talk about the "dirty nigger," and "better put a collar on his neck, and hold him down to his work," etc. It was melancholy. Evidently on this point he is, as Conway says, simply a monomaniac. On all others, he says, he is full of wisdom, information, and tenderness. We were glad, therefore, to get back to Palmerston, and the pictures on the wall of Cromwell, and the young Frederic. He resumed his good nature, told an amusing story of some "evangelicals" who went to labor with Palmerston, in his last sickness, for the good of his soul, to whom he listened, hopefully saying, occasionally, "Go on, go on," but suddenly, in a loud voice, asking them to "Read the sixth article." That number of the thirty-nine, however, not proving apropos, they at last discovered that he meant the sixth article of the Treaty of Utrecht, on which his mind had been wandering!—which rather disconcerted their hopes of his salvation.

As to Samuel Longfellow's own personality, to those who recall him well, especially in those later years at Cambridge, when he was busied over his brother's biography, Colonel Higginson's description comes as the best possible word-portrait: "He was a difficult person to delineate, from the very simplicity and perfect poise of his character. He was, in the old phrase, 'a very perfit gentil knight.' He had no exceptional or salient points, but an evenness of disposition which, from boyhood onward, kept him not only from the lower temptations, but the higher ones. This was true of him when I knew him in college, and true of every later period. One could not for a moment imagine him vexed, or petty, or ungenerous. Few men have led a life of such unbroken calm and cheerfulness. At the same time he was equal, in strength of character, to any emergency, and would have borne himself firmly upon the rack when more boisterous men failed. . . . He went about your room, as a lady once said, 'murmuring little charities;' for every book, every picture, he had a word of kindly apology, making the best of it; but he had his own standard of right, and adhered to it with utter fearlessness. He did not strive, nor cry, nor did any man hear his voice in the streets, but on any question requiring courage he held the courageous side."

What a happy hit that was when Mendelssohn's parents named him Felix! It perfectly expresses the main characteristic of his naïve *Letters*, than which Dean Stanley himself could hardly have written better. They are now published in one of the conveniently sized little books composing "The Dilettante Library." Were they flexible, these volumes would be admirable pocket-companions; as it is, though paper and type are tolerable, the poorly imitated alligator-skin covers are much too thick. One feels this objection to such close companionship the more when the publishers offer an altogether delightful book, as is this—exactly the thing for a five-minutes' reading in the car or for a longer perusal elsewhere. In this edition, certain errors in proper names are noticeable; for instance, Franseati for Frascati, Gengano for Genzano, and Perrier for Périer. The translation is exceptionally good, however, and the consciousness of not reading in the original never obtrudes. Goethe, Bunsen, and others stand out in native relief, and we are glad to know about them and their surroundings as seen by Mendelssohn, but most of all glad to know about the composer's own feelings, of which he writes with engaging egoism. His most charming trait seems to have been an openness of mind and an entire absorption in the impression of the moment. To his high soul those impressions were always exquisitely and forcibly suggestive. Is he on the Wengernalp? he says: "Fancy, besides, all the glaciers, all the snow-fields, all the crags lit up to a dazzling whiteness and flashing in it, and then the distant summits of other chains struggling up to peep into the landscape. I have a feeling that God's own thoughts must look something like that. . . . That Goethe contrived to write nothing from Switzerland but a couple of feeble poems and some still more feeble letters, is just as unintelligible to me as a great many other things in the world." Is he at Leipsic, commenting on his oratorios? he writes: "For my own part, what struck me was to make Elijah a prophet through and through, the man we may really need to-day, a man strong and zealous, full of bitterness and scorn, the antagonist of the rabble, whether of courtiers or populace, well-nigh the antagonist of all the world, yet borne aloft as on the wings of angels." Is he criticising the tendencies of the day? we read: "It is the contrast of the Jesuit churches, sparkling with tinsel, to the four white walls of the Calvinists: true piety may be in either, but the true path is between them." (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Among recent volumes of short stories easily the first in popularity is Beatrice Harraden's *In Varying Moods*. The author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," by her sincerity and simplicity both of purpose and of style, furnishes a delightful relief from the rampant "décadent" spirit of much of our recent fiction. Of the stories here collected, the first, "At the Green Dragon," seems to us the best; it is a cheerful tale of English country life, with admirably contrasted characters and a quiet but effective humor; some of the tales that follow are more subtle, but none is more readable. All of the stories have more or less of ethical motive, but always gently and unobtrusively interwoven with the story. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) Mrs. Flora A. Steel's *Flower of Forgiveness* contains more of the strong studies of life in India, of the great merit of which we have already spoken. There is found here as intimate knowl-

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edge of the subject as that of Mr. Kipling, together with a vastly greater sympathy with native feeling and native suffering. The stories are intense, often tragic with the tragedy of humble sacrifice and pain, and yet with glimpses of Anglo-Indian fun here and there. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) Not so powerful, but quite as clever and decidedly more amusing, is Mr. Bliss Perry's *Salem Kittredge, and Other Stories*. The tale which gives the book its title appeared, if we remember rightly, in the "Atlantic Monthly," and is certainly one of the best of recent magazine stories. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) Professor Henry A. Beers's stories have a strong university flavor, and to those who know New Haven and its vicinity some of the localities so charmingly described in *A Suburban Pastoral and Other Tales* are half-recognizable. There is nothing ambitious in motive or construction about these stories, but in a quiet way they are effective and thoroughly readable. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.) *The Shen's Pigtail, and Other Cues of Chinese Life*, by Mr. M——, has as its title-story an original plot of Chinese crime and detective-work. The English author has a new field, and remotely reminds one of Kipling. The "Other Cues" are mostly slight sketches of official life and character in China. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Alongside of previous volumes in "The Camden Library"—such as "The Antiquities of the Exchequer" and "Sculptured Signs of Old London"—there now appears a book of *West Irish Folk-Tales and Romances*, collected and translated by Mr. William Larminie. The body of Gaelic lore represented in this volume is, so the editor hints, but one of several such bodies both in Ireland and Scotland, a comparative study of which may involve racial problems. He furthermore opines that not only as regards these lands but also the world, the theory of independent origin is hardly to be applied to folk-tales; the more reasonable presumption being that certain entire stories were dispersed from a common center. As is well known, the fairy belief is tenaciously held by Irish peasants, and Mr. Larminie points out the natural fact that, of traditional narratives, the greatest divergence occurs when the localities are most widely separated. Our author does well to indicate that the so-called Gaelic race itself is probably a compound one, containing, besides the true Celtic (Aryan), a Finnish or Mongolian and an Iberian element, and that these factors must preponderate in different parts of the country in proportion as Donegal differs from Connaught and both from Munster. The larger Irish legendary literature divides itself into three cycles, the divine, the heroic, and the Fenian, of which the last is so well known in Scotland that one can hardly say to which country it really belongs. Following the interesting introduction come the tales, taken down word for word from the dictation of peasant narrators. Their style is rough, sometimes rude, but always strong and picturesque. There is little of the domesticity which one finds in Grimm's household tales from German folk-lore. The book closes with notes and an appendix containing specimens of the Gaelic originals phonetically spelt. (Elliot Stock, London.)

A very carefully written and intelligent study of an important phase of English literary development is contained in a volume recently issued by Messrs. Ginn & Co. (Boston), under the title *Studies in the Evolution of English Criticism*. The little book is a thesis presented by Miss Laura Johnson Wylie to the Faculty of Yale University in candidacy for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Ordinarily such theses are of more importance to the writers than to the public, and are generally exercises rather than finished works. Miss Wylie, however, has traced very distinctly a line of development in our literary history which is of great interest, and she has done it with such intelligence, judgment, and taste that her paper deserves preservation in book form. She traces the rise of the critical spirit in England, she brings out very clearly the services of Dryden to English criticism, she indicates the evolution out of classicism, she enumerates the German sources of Coleridge's criticism, and she devotes a considerable part of her book to an examination of this foremost of English critics, if not of English critical writers. It will be seen from this very brief résumé that Miss Wylie's book fills a place heretofore vacant in English literary history, and that she has rendered a valuable service to students of that history.

In Mr. F. A. Knight's *By Moorland and Sea* one finds the same ardent love of nature and delicate skill in reproducing in prose out-of-door sensations that made "By Leafy Ways" such a charming book. Mr. Knight's admirers will be increased in number by his new volume. He never strikes a false note, and his knowledge of nature's ways is that of an intimate friend. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

—With the assistance of Mr. Rose, of the Boston Museum, Miss Mary Wilkins is dramatizing her novel, "Jane Field."

Literary Notes

—Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement Waters, whose works, "Legendary and Mythological Art," "Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers," and "Artists of the Nineteenth Century," are so favorably known as books of reference, has just written a volume on Naples, which will be published before long by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston.

—Dostoyevsky's novel, "Byednui Liudi," or "Poor People," has just been translated by Miss Lena Milman. It will shortly be published, and prefaced with an introduction by Mr. George Moore, the author of "Esther Waters"—who, by the way, must have prearranged with the Smith book-stands and Mudie's Libraries to do him the most effective advertising possible, by excluding his last book.

—That Ralph Waldo Emerson ever met or ever sought to meet Edgar Allan Poe there is no record, says the Boston "Transcript," and adds: "Once an intimate friend ventured to put a question to him about Poe. 'Whom do you mean?' asked Emerson, with an astonished stare, and, on the name being repeated with extreme distinctness, 'Ah! the jingle man!' returned Emerson, with a contemptuous reference to the 'refrains" in Poe's sad lyrics."

—During the past year the visitors' book at the Shakespeare house, Stratford-on-Avon, shows 13,669 signatures, representing thirty-eight different nationalities. Of these pilgrims the largest number came from England and Wales, namely, 10,779; America followed with 1,682; Scotland with 296; Ireland, 206; Germany, 108; Canada, 96; Australia, 87; India, 67; Africa, 63; France, 53; New Zealand, 36, and so on down to the one solitary stranger from Denmark.

—From being the harassed pupil-teacher of an elementary London school, Mr. I. Zangwill fared forth into literature. His first book was "The Bachelors' Club." Then he edited "Ariel" until that comic journal was compelled to suspend. During this time he published a political satire, "The Premier and the Painter," and then came "The Old Maids' Club," "The Children of the Ghetto," "Merely Mary Ann," "The Big Bow Mystery," "Ghetto Tragedies," "The King of Schnorrers," and now "The Master." Mr. Zangwill is unmarried, and lives at Kilburn. His appearance is said to be strikingly like that of the late Lord Beaconsfield, or of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, of Canada.

—Poor M. Émile Zola did not obtain even one vote at the recent election to fill the vacancies caused by the deaths of MM. Taine and Du Camp. Of the successful candidates, MM. Paul Bourget and Albert Sorel, the first is now better known than ever to Americans by reason of his recent visit to this country. His father was rector of the academies at Aix and at Clermont, and hoped that Paul would also embrace pedagogy as a profession. But the fascinations of verse-making and of writing criticisms for the Paris papers were too great, and, though his people abandoned him in consequence, young Bourget would not take up the treadmill life his father had led. Paul's verses and criticisms were full of that which has since made his novels famous; for, as he says of himself, he is "a maniac for psychology and a passionate lover of analysis." His first romance was "L'Irréparable," and among his most successful ones may be mentioned "Cruelle Énigme," "Le Disciple," "Un Scrupule," and the last, "Cosmopolis." M. Bourget is only forty-two years old.

—Mr. J. McNeill Whistler's rather caustic criticism of Mr. Du Maurier's taste in serving up Whistlerian idiosyncrasies in the character of "Sibley" in "Trilby" has elicited the following remarks from the artist-novelist:

> I should have avoided all reference to Mr. Whistler, or anything which could have been construed into reference to him, if I had imagined it would have pained him. I should have written privately to him to say so if his letter had been less violent and less brutal. Certainly, in the character of Sibley, in my serial story, "Trilby," I have drawn certain lines with Mr. Whistler in my mind. I thought that the reference to those matters would have recalled some of the good times we used to have in Paris in the old days. I thought that, both with Mr. Whistler and with other acquaintances I have similarly treated, pleasurable recollections would have been awakened. But he has taken the matter so terribly seriously. It is so unlike him. . . . Here is a little book of his, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," and I am one of his victims. It is not very terrible, what he says. It is rather droll. Listen: "Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Wilde happening to meet in the rooms where Mr. Whistler was holding his first exhibition of Venice Jottings, the latter brought the two face to face, and, taking each by the arm, inquired: 'I say, which one of you two invented the other, eh?'" The obvious retort to that on my part would have been that if he did not take care I would invent him, but he had slipped away before either of us could get a word out. This is really too small a matter to refer to; but the explanation of this bit of drollery of Mr. Whistler's is that it suggested that I was unknown until I began to draw Postlethwaite, the æsthetic character out of whom I got some fun. Postlethwaite was said to be Mr. Oscar Wilde, but the character was founded not on one person at all, but a whole school. As a matter of fact, I had been drawing for "Punch" twenty years before the invention of Postlethwaite. However, that was Mr. Whistler's little joke, and one would have thought that if he made jokes about me he might have expected me to play the same game upon him without anticipating that I should hurt his feelings.

[For list of Books Received see page 1117]

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The Religious World

Y. M. C. A. World's Convention

During the last few days the Young Men's Christian Associations of the world have celebrated their Jubilee in London. The meeting convened (as briefly noted last week) on the 1st of June in Exeter Hall, and was the thirteenth International Conference of the Association. These conferences have been held triennially. About two thousand delegates are reported, of whom about two hundred were from America. Almost every country in the civilized world was represented. A great pavilion was erected by the Council of the City of London near Waterloo Bridge, on the Thames Embankment. This conference is called the Jubilee because it commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Association by George Williams, on June 6, 1844. Mr. Williams has just been knighted by Queen Victoria, and will henceforward be known as Sir George. We confess that that fact is almost the only item of news which has come to us in connection with the Convention which has caused us regret. We should have been far better pleased to have had him known as George Williams to the end of his days. Samuel Morley and Mr. Gladstone refused all such questionable honors, and it would have pleased us better had Mr. Williams done the same. The initial service of the Convention was held in Westminster Abbey on June 1, when Dr. Temple, the Lord Bishop of London, preached from the text 1 John ii., 14. At the informal reception given to the delegates in Exeter Hall, prayers were offered in French, in English, and in German. The welcome was delivered by Sir George Williams, and then Dr. William Sinclair, Archdeacon of London, addressed the delegates successively in English, French, German, and Italian. Among the speakers on that evening were Count Bernstorff, of Berlin; Lord Kinnaird, of London; and the Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D., of Brooklyn. On Sunday, June 3, it is said that fourteen hundred churches in London devoted themselves to the Y. M. C. A., and special services were held at the City Temple, where Dr. Parker preached, the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where Mr. Spurgeon preached, in St. Paul's Cathedral, Surrey Chapel, and many other places; in fact, all the churches of London seemed to be occupied with the interests of young men on that day.

The Special Jubilee of the Y. M. C. A.

We have spoken above of the general celebration of the jubilee of the Young Men's Christian Association, which extended over several days. The special jubilee was celebrated on the 6th of June. The Association was started in a small room in St. Paul's Churchyard, under the shadow of the Cathedral. The jubilee services were held in Exeter Hall at ten o'clock on June 6. The presiding officer was the Hon. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, formerly Postmaster-General of the United States. He congratulated the founder on the wonderful progress which the Associations have made during the last half-century, and felicitously expressed the hope that the life of Sir George might be spared yet many years and the work be blessed with still more abundant prosperity. The other speakers of the morning were Dr. Monro Gibson, of St. John's Wood, London, and formerly of Chicago, who spoke of the general work of the Association; Dr. T. L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, who is said to have made one of the best speeches of the whole Conference; Morris K. Jesup, James Stokes, and others. In the afternoon special jubilee presentations were made to Sir George Williams. The American delegates, through Mr. Morris K. Jesup, presented him with a beautiful album in which was an illuminated address of congratulations; the French National Council presented a bronze bust of Sir George; and the Paris Association a bust of Coligny, the French Admiral who was assassinated because of his Protestantism. But the greatest gathering of all was in the Royal Albert Hall in the evening. This is one of the largest buildings of its kind in the world, if not the largest. It is said to seat 12,000 people. The principal event at that meeting was the unveiling of the bust of Sir George Williams by W. H. Thornycroft, R.A. The address at the unveiling was by Lord Kinnaird. In reply, Sir George said that he looked back upon the time, fifty years ago, when, in the little bedroom in St. Paul's Churchyard, the Association was formed. He realized what the Association is to-day, and felt grateful that he had been permitted to have a little part in this wonderful work. Among the other speakers was Prince Oscar of Sweden, who, in a brief address, said that he brought to the Associations of the world the greetings of the Swedish and Norwegian Association. Other addresses were delivered by Canon Fleming, Dr. Joseph Parker, and the Hon. John Wanamaker. One of the most inspiring scenes of the whole gathering was the closing of this meeting with a special doxology written for the occasion, translated into twenty languages, and sung by each delegate in his own tongue. A pleasing feature of the Jubilee was the message of appreciation from the Queen and the reception given at Windsor Castle on June 7. Few men have lived to see more beneficent work accomplished as the result of their efforts than Sir George Williams. He is deserving of all the honor he has received. No man could desire a nobler monument to his memory than the Association which he founded.

The Presbyterian League

It was not to be expected that the liberal members of the Presbyterian Church would quietly submit to the action taken by the General Assembly at Saratoga; accordingly, a League of Liberal Presbyterians has been formed for purposes of self-defense, and for promoting Presbyterian principles as interpreted by the very large number of Presbyterians who were hardly recognized at the last General Assembly. The League was organized at a meeting held at the residence of Mr. Charles Butler, of New York; about sixty persons responded to the call. A committee was appointed consisting of the following persons: The Rev. Anson P. Atterbury, D.D., Professor Francis Brown, D.D., John Crosby Brown, Professor F. N. Burdick, of the Columbia Law School, William E. Dodge, the Rev. J. H. Hoadley, D.D., Henry M. Humphrey, the Rev. W. M. Martin, T. B. Meigs, the Rev. T. A. Nelson, D.D., the Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D.D., J. E. Ware, and William A. Wheelock, all of New York; and the Rev. Lewis Lampman, D.D., of Newark. As will be seen, this is a remarkably strong committee. There are no abler laymen in the Church, and the ministers are well known as wise and able leaders. Concerning it, Dr. Lampman is reported to have said in an interview published in the Newark "News:" "This is not a personal movement, nor a Briggs movement; it is simply a movement of the men who believe the Church is on the back track, and who wish to shove it ahead. Dr. Briggs and Dr. Smith simply voiced the current of thought. If men are to be choked off as they have been, there is no telling who will come next." There are a great many men in the Presbyterian ministry who think just as Dr. Briggs thinks and Dr. Smith thinks; in fact, we believe that a majority of Presbyterians in this country entertain liberal, or at least catholic, views; they may not agree with Dr. Briggs, but they agree with the principles involved in the platform of the League. Persons who wish for fuller information can obtain it by writing to John Crosby Brown, Esq., 59 Wall Street, New York City.

The Object of the League

We think this movement in the Presbyterian Church of sufficient importance to warrant the full publication of the call by which it was summoned. We therefore give it to our readers in full. It is as follows:

The Presbyterian League of New York and Vicinity deems it proper at this time to put on record the following statement of its principles:

I. The League aims to secure the constitutional rights of its members, as well as those of all other Presbyterians, as far as its influence can reach. It holds that the Presbyterian standard of qualification for office-bearers is to be found in the statements of the written constitution of the Church as far as these conform to the infallible rule of faith and life preserved for us in the Scriptures and that no resolutions, deliverances, judgments, or other votes of the majority of any ecclesiastical body can form a part of this standard until they have been, by due process, incorporated in the written constitution.

II. The League aims to bring about, sooner or later, the reversal of the burdensome and unjust ecclesiastical action recently taken by courts of the Presbyterian Church.

III. The League aims at the adoption by the Church of needed amendments to the Book of Discipline, according to the mode constitutionally provided for amendments.

IV. The League desires to encourage all reverent study of the Bible, and all attempts, made in humble reliance upon the Spirit of God, so to restate the difficult questions of theology, and so to present the truth as it is in Jesus, as to

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remove stumbling-blocks out of the way, enrich the experience of the Church, and equip it for its great work of preaching the Gospel to every creature.

V. The League aims to secure, as soon as practicable, a better declaration of the faith of the Church than it now possesses—if possible, in the form of a short and simple creed, expressed, as far as may be, in Scriptural language.

VI. The League aims at increased efficiency in the practical life of the Church, declaring its readiness to adapt methods of Christian work to varying needs; to employ new methods where these seem called for, and to make room for diversities of gifts. It recognizes the Holy Spirit as the living Teacher of the Church, and looks to him directly for guidance. It expresses its readiness to co-operate with all who labor to reclaim the lost, to meet physical needs, to solve social problems, and to build up Christlike character.

VII. The League longs and prays for the visible unity of the Church of Christ on earth; deplores the present wasteful divisions, and declares its sympathy with all those who are honestly and earnestly seeking to heal these divisions, and to realize the Saviour's prayer, "That they all may be one."

Echoes from the Assembly

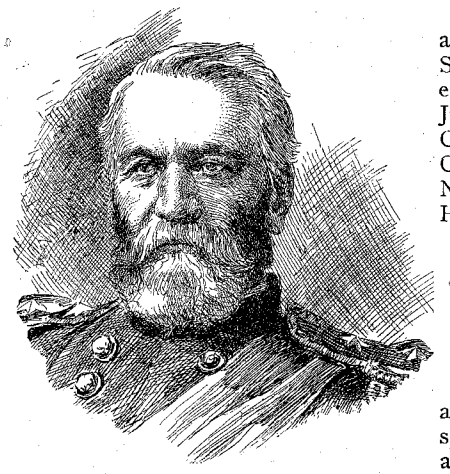
As was to be expected, there are many and differing opinions concerning the results of the General Assembly at Saratoga. The "Evangelist" of June 7 on almost every page has an article by some prominent man who condemns the Assembly. Dr. R. A. Sawyer makes a strong plea for those who were not represented. He declares that the vote may represent some, but it does not represent all, Presbyterians, and that the minority will wait until it becomes, as one day it will, the majority. Dr. H. C. Haydn, of Cleveland, pastor of one of the largest churches in the West, says he does not believe that even Princeton Seminary will consent to the action of the Assembly concerning the seminaries; and the venerable Dr. S. M. Hopkins, one of the noblest men in the whole Presbyterian Church, who has been connected with Auburn Seminary for nearly half a century, writes very positively concerning that institution, claiming that it has never been under the direction of the Assembly. He says no reference to the Assembly appears in its charter, and the Assembly has no more right to interfere in any way in the conduct of its affairs than in those of a railroad corporation. The editor of the "Evangelist" has a strong editorial which closes in this way: "What public man would choose a political convention as a fit body to decide a question that touched his life, his fortune, and his political honor? Is a General Assembly any more fit to decide the nice points involved in the standing of a Christian scholar?" Perhaps the most significant of all editorials on this subject is that in the "Examiner" (Baptist), which is one of the most conservative papers in the country. It says of Dr. Smith's contention: "He completely pulverized the charge. There was literally nothing left of it when his argument was concluded, and not one of his opponents ventured to answer him. . . . Ten years from now the Presbyterian Church will probably feel ashamed of having condemned Dr. Smith."

The Baptist Missionary Union

With the adjournment of the General Assembly at Saratoga the Baptists were able to give their undivided attention to their own anniversaries. The Missionary Union began its sessions at Saratoga on May 28. We select for special emphasis two items which will be of interest to all our readers. The address of President Strong, of Rochester Theological Seminary, is characterized as the ablest address delivered at Saratoga this year. His theme was "The Love of Christ the Great Motive to Missions." The second point of interest was the report presented by Dr. Alvah Hovey, of Newton Seminary, on the "Relation of Higher Education to Mission Work." The adopting of this report was regarded as the most important action taken at the meetings. It recognized that missionary colleges are of great value if they are distinctly Christian, but if the spirit is conspicuously secular nothing but evil can result. Education must be auxiliary to religious work. With reference to the "grants in aid" from the British Government in India and Burmah, it was recommended that no arrangement be made of a permanent character, and that school buildings should not be erected by Government aid. On the question of receiving aid from the Government there was a lively discussion. Dr. T. J. Morgan, late Indian Commissioner, moved an amendment to the Committee's report as follows: "We disapprove the principle of accepting Government aid for missionary schools, and we recommend its discontinuance as soon as possible." There was no desire to discuss the principle at issue, consequently, after due consideration, the following was adopted: "Disapproving the principle of receiving Government aid for mission-school work, your Committee would recommend to missionaries to discontinue this custom as soon as possible." At these meetings it was stated that the schools under the Board now number more than 1,200, six of which are theological seminaries; that the pupils exceed 18,000, and that the cost of the schools is about $140,000 a year. President A. H. Strong, D.D., LL.D., was re-elected.

The Home Missionary Anniversary

From a Special Correspondent



General O. O. Howard,
President Home Missionary Society.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society held its sixty-eighth anniversary June 6–8, in the First Congregational Church in Omaha, Neb., General O. O. Howard presiding, and W. H. Moore, of Connecticut, acting as Secretary, with W. H. Hubbard, of South Dakota, as his assistant. These names at once suggest the special circumstances and peculiar features of the assembly and its meetings. For the first time there had been a call to meet on home missionary ground. Omaha lies in the center of the sphere of the more recent operations of the Society. The State of Nebraska alone has two hundred churches planted and fostered by it. The city of Omaha has six churches which have been directly or indirectly served by its representatives and assisted by its funds. The church which opened the doors of its house of worship to the meeting was the first Protestant church in the Territory, and was planted by a missionary of the Society, and for a period sustained in part from its treasury. While the surveyors were laying out the streets of the frontier settlement, the Rev. G. G. Rice came over from Iowa, and sought and obtained the gift of two lots for the use of a Christian church which he expected the Society to found at no distant time. Later, on a Sunday morning, he procured a canoe and a man who knew how to wield the paddle, and brought across the Missouri the Rev. Reuben Gaylord, who then began his work and remained to carry it forward until the end of his life. His noble wife was his most worthy helper, and matched him in the spirit of devotion and sacrifice, and, surviving him, continued her work and labor of love while her vigor lasted, and only then passing it on to others, whom she sustained by her generous gifts. Mrs. Gaylord was present at the meeting during which the addresses of salutation were made, and was presented to the assembly, standing the while under the soft light of a beautiful window sacred to the memory of her heroic husband. At a later meeting the venerable Father Rice also was present, and in simple words told the story of the early time. Dr. George L. Miller, the most distinguished and honored citizen of Omaha, who welcomed Mr. Gaylord to his primitive home and patient toil, and was always his stanch friend and sympathetic counselor and helper, was on the platform, and in a most attractive manner described some of the incidents of his life and service. He said: "Reuben Gaylord brought Sunday over the Missouri River." He told how, after the building had been completed, he passed it one day, and from the open window heard a voice, and, coming near, he found the missionary on his knees praying to God to send him a congregation to fill the place. The answer came. The building was dedicated. Dr. J. E. Roy, now of the American Missionary Association, was present and assisted in the services, as he told us before reading his paper on Friday afternoon. The last payment on the cost of construction was made with a gift of $500 from the Church Building Society, the first of the kind it ever granted. The congregation came and grew and filled the place, and later on he who is now the President of the Society which fostered it became a beloved and faithful member of it, and a teacher in its Sunday-school.

For the first time, also, an opportunity was given to those who supply the means and those who do the work to meet together

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in counsel and in fellowship. The pastors and members of the missionary churches are seldom able to afford the time and the money necessary for a journey to the distant East. And while it is true that comparatively few of all the contributors to the support of their work are able to travel to the central West, yet it was confidently hoped that many of them could command both the time and the means, and would be disposed to come. It was thought that those who had only read and heard about the men and the women and their work would be interested and stimulated by seeing the missionaries, talking with them, and listening to the story of their labors and experiences, and in turn would encourage and cheer them in their toil and privations.

It was expected, too, that some of the delegates might see something of the field by taking one or two of the excursions which had been planned by the Committee of Arrangements and offered by the railway companies at very low rates. While the imagination must commonly be trusted to present the objects of benevolent interest, it is, after all, by the sight of the eyes that the heart is most deeply moved. The last remark was illustrated at this meeting. A mission pastor, James B. Brown, was found to be present by Secretary Clark, who said he must appear on Friday morning and tell of his work at Hyannis, Neb. During the past year a band of forty children in the First Church, Omaha, known as the Willing Workers, had sent their home mission money to him. Their leader, on learning that he was invited to the platform, sent out messengers and gathered them, and, just before Mr. Brown rose to speak, they marched in singing a processional, with an accompaniment on the great organ, sat around him while he was speaking, and then marched out again singing a recessional. The incident will never be forgotten by the missionary and his little friends, nor by the vast congregation that witnessed it.

It is due to the people of the Missouri Valley and the prairies to add that they were eager for an opportunity to manifest their appreciation of the nature and extent of the benefits which the Society, and the brethren at the East through the Society, have conferred upon this whole Western country. Their earnest desire found fit expression in the graceful address of welcome spoken by Mr. W. H. Alexander, of Omaha, early in the session; but it was chiefly exhibited in the preparations which had been made for the meeting, and the cordial salutation which was extended to the delegates upon their arrival. They were met at the depots and directed or escorted to the places assigned to them. The church was handsomely draped and decorated, and furnished not only with the ordinary conveniences, but with unusual appliances for the comfort of the guests, and many facilities for private and public business.

At first it was a matter of surprise and disappointment that the number of delegates from the East was so small. But when it was considered that the exigencies of the time are so stringent that business men need to keep close watch and a constant grasp upon their affairs, and that there are few who do not need to practice strict economy, there was no disposition to complain. The presence of so many missionary pastors, with their wives and members of their churches, made good the loss in number, and gave to the meeting peculiar features which made it unique and will make it memorable in the history of anniversaries.

When the delegates were met for organization on Wednesday afternoon, the Secretaries looked upon the largest number they had ever seen gathered for the purpose. When the hymn, "I love thy kingdom, Lord," was sung, they knew the tone of all the meetings yet to come. They were not disappointed; the high keynote was struck, and it was dominant to the end. In the evening the great house of worship of the First Methodist Episcopal Church was filled with an expectant congregation. Dr. S. E. Herrick, of Boston, was the preacher. The text was Luke viii., 19–23. The matter of the sermon was John the Baptist's disappointment and doubt, with the causes thereof; his message to our Lord, and the response in words and deeds. It was the work of a master, and given with force and fire. The spirit of it was so genuine and earnest, and the substance of it was so wrought out of the most real and essential and vital texture of the truth as it is in Jesus, that it was as high above all praise as it was above all criticism. It was a wholesome tonic for those who in these times are doubtful and desponding, and a help to fresh faith and courage and hope in the loyal endeavor to do our Master's work according to his instructions and after his example. It should be printed and scattered broadcast, and the title would well befit it, "A Tract for the Times."

On Thursday, after the address of welcome and the fine response of General Howard, much of the solid work of the session was done. I do not use the word "business," for I have taxed my memory in vain to recall a single "business meeting" after the hour of organization. There were only a few brief pauses for attention to necessary details. Nor am I able to recollect any "devotional exercises." There were ringing hymns, pleading prayers, and ardent testimonies and appeals; and the cadences of worship fell only to rise again in the spiritual power and fervor with which the Secretaries spake their messages. These were remarkable for the grasp of great fundamental and vital principles; for breadth of view, for the tact and wisdom in adjusting means to ends in view of new conditions, and for foresight of the remote results of immediate endeavors. When called upon, at a later hour, to respond to a vote of thanks for the varied and generous hospitality of the time, I was moved to say that these Secretaries had revealed a quality of Christian statesmanship the exhibition of which in the legislatures of the Commonwealths and the Congress of the people would be hailed with gratitude and joy by this whole patient and long-suffering Nation; and the sentiment was applauded to the echo by the great assembly. Wrestling with the hard problems of these dark days, they have grown to the larger demands upon their judgment and their executive skill and energy.

It is impossible to attempt the merest epitome of their addresses. Every earnest Congregationalist should obtain and read them. Two sentences from Dr. Clark are quoted, for the reason that they warrant a hope which has been living in the hearts of many thoughtful men and women, that God would use the troubles of this present time as means to purify his Church, and dispose men to avert their too steady gaze from the things which are temporal and fix it upon the things which are eternal: "The sixty-eighth year of the National Society has been, financially, the darkest year in its entire history. . . . It has been a year of almost unprecedented spiritual results; revivals of unusual number and power are reported in every department."

One important end was accomplished by the addresses given in a logically arranged series on Thursday and Friday. As never before, it was made evident that the several societies in the home field are co-ordinated in a comprehensive system, each depending on the other, and all adjusted to a common end, namely, the extension of the kingdom of God in the land and among the people; and, at the same time, converging the resultant of all the forces they develop and store upon the support of the Society which has for its immediate and conscious aim the extension of the kingdom of God throughout the world.

Of especial value was the address of Mr. Frank T. Bayley, in which he showed the close relation subsisting between the Home Missionary and the Church Building Societies, and made a cogent argument for the expenditure of large sums in aid of churches founded in the great centers of population, illustrating and enforcing his conclusion from the example of Plymouth Church in Denver, of which he is the energetic, devoted, and self-sacrificing pastor.

I can make only a passing reference to one of the most attractive features of all the sessions, namely, the short addresses of the home-missionaries. In a simple, natural, and individual manner, they gave us glimpses of their life and work, and some feeling of the tone and temper of the spirit in which they attack the difficulties and bear the burdens and privations incident to frontier service. Nor is it possible to name the speakers from the platform of the evening meetings and to set down their topics, much less to describe their quality and effect. The latter attempt would, for the most part, miss its aim, since much of the interest of the speeches was dependent upon the circumstances of the hour. Of course one who should try to report such men as Mr. Puddefoot and Dr. Wells might begin with hope, but would surely end in despair.

On all hands I hear it said that the climax was reached at the Women's Meeting on Thursday morning, at which Mrs. H. S. Caswell, Secretary of the Woman's Department, presided, and addresses were made by women, officers and representatives of the department and its auxiliaries. The church was thronged, pews and chairs were filled, and every remaining foot of space was packed with those who stood to see and hear. The assembly was largely composed of women from the mission churches and from the local societies, who were all familiar with the needs of the rural towns and districts, and acquainted with the pastors, the details and results of their work. No wonder that the interest was intense and the tide of feeling ran high.

The last meeting, on Friday evening, almost rose to the same pitch, especially during the speeches of the venerable Dr. Sturtevant and of Dr. Wells, who made his calling and election to Congregational fellowship sure, and showed that his long service in the dominion of the Queen did not cause his loyalty to the land of his birth to lose its devotion and fervor. It was his privilege to round out the total impression of the anniversary, and send the people away athrill with its best and most fruitful impulses.

Lest it may be supposed that the writer has become so imbued with the Western spirit that he has been excited to present rose-colored views, he may cover himself with the testimony of the veterans in home mission work: "We never knew a better meeting."

J. T. D.

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Correspondence

Ten Years After

To the Editors of The Outlook:

My attention has been called to the article of the Rev. E. M. Vittum in your issue of May 26, on the "Trials of Home Missionary Life." No one can help sympathizing with the young "Mr. Arthur's" trials in his endeavor to secure to that frontier community a church in accord with their desire. The work he took charge of at "Beetown" and "Ceville" was the first work in those places, and was begun and carried on by the Superintendent of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, to whom I am related in the same way that Mr. Vittum was to "Mr. Arthur." From him I know the history of the work after "Mr. Arthur" left for the East. What has come of that effort to "preach the Gospel to the lost," which the Superintendent thought ought not to be given up in Beetown?

While for a time the Congregational work had a serious setback by "Mr. Arthur's" leaving—for he was loved and respected by all—it was continued. Mr. Vittum has forgotten the reason that was the immediate occasion of "Mr. Arthur's" leaving, which was because our Church Building Society could not, under their rules, *pledge* a grant for a church building before the actual organization of a church, which, however, would have been secured in a few weeks, and before the money would have been actually paid. When this fact was announced by the Society, that their rule could not be modified in this case, "Mr. Arthur" left the field and returned to his studies at Yale Seminary. The work, however, was kept up without interruption, and two years later a church was organized. Church and parsonage buildings followed. This church has greatly prospered, and has gained and holds the leading position in the town, now of 1,000 to 1,200 population. It exerts a strong controlling influence over the morals of the place, which is a typical energetic frontier town—a railway division and a center for the large cattle industry of that part of the State. Sunday evenings the church building is scarcely able to hold the congregations that attend, while the pastor and family are heroic and successful workers. The persistence of "Mr. Doe's" denomination has not ceased, but they have made very little progress. Another denomination, too, has crowded in, but the results of their work do not seem to vindicate the wisdom of their coming.

Our church in "Beetown" is one of the best in the State. It came first into the field, has grown and prospered, people of various previous denominational connections have joined it, it quarrels with no one, and, while it has seemed as though other organizations had no great call to come there for Christian work, the Congregational Church has no responsibility for that. Sectarian selfishness is hateful everywhere, East and West, but as far as our work is concerned we endeavor to plant churches only where they are needed, and then stand by them when they are doing the work for which they were planted.

"Mr. Arthur" was too easily discouraged and overmuch disturbed by the manifestation he met of sectarian selfishness, and, in the ardor of his youthful experience, expected too much of selfish human nature. A plucky holding on would have conquered the situation—would have saved divisions which came because as good a successor could not be found at once; and a little more experience would have convinced "Mr. Arthur" that the best way to overcome a narrow and selfish sectarian is to hold fast to one's work of preaching Christ with a broad, tolerant spirit, and expect the Spirit of God to so modify and work into the different denominations that the general spirit of Christ among the people will not tolerate sectarian strife by whomsoever shown.

"Beetown" is a splendid vindication of the kind of work done by the Congregational Home Missionary Society, and if more of the gifted young "Mr. Arthurs" would go out for *permanent work*, and man such fields for a few years instead of going for a summer outing in the Home Missionary States only to settle in some Eastern field and become mistaken critics, their splendid work would result in such solid churches that the narrow sectarian efforts so sadly exhibited in "Beetown" would largely be prevented. Examples of such work abound in the State in which "Beetown" is—towns where, under wise and earnest pastors, the religious element of the place has been largely held together in one efficient church.

(Rev.) H. C. SIMMONS,
Superintendent for North Dakota.

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A Presbyterian Protest

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"But to silence men requires more than a system; it requires men who can be silenced. We do not believe that the Presbyterian Church is composed of such men. Whether it is or not we shall soon see." I quote from the editorial of The Outlook of this week *re* the suspension of Dr. Smith. and this is my humble response to its holy prophecy. To keep still at such a time is to sin. "The very stones would cry out against us." As Presbyterians, it behooves every lover of liberty to speak—for Presbyterianism up to this time has been allied with civil and religious freedom. The so-called conservatives are making history which belies the genius of our noble Church. But we are Protestants before we are Presbyterians, and we protest against the tyranny of a chance and transient majority. Both Protestantism and Presbyterianism repudiate the Pope—whether resident in Rome or Washington or Saratoga—whether impersonated in one man or five hundred.

But we are Christians before Protestants or Presbyterians. We appeal from the General Assembly to Christ, the Great Head of the Church. When John told the Master that the disciples had forbidden one from casting out devils "because he followeth not with us," Jesus rebuked their bigotry and intolerance with a word, "Forbid them not." What would Christ have said had he come into the General Assembly at Saratoga, when one of his gentle, faithful ministers was silenced because, although holding to the great essential fact of inspiration and revelation, "he followeth not with us" in our theories concerning that fact? But how shall the liberal party in the Presbyterian Church make effective their voice and protest and appeal?

1. By remaining in the Church. Let not a man desert the ranks. They can do nothing to purify the Church from bigotry and prejudice and mistaken zeal outside. "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called."

2. They must, however, be ready and willing to suffer persecution and even martyrdom for their opinions' sake. The Briggs case and the Smith case logically involve the cutting off the ecclesiastical heads of a good many whom we might mention. Who is cowardly enough to sacrifice truth or search after truth to the vote of the ecclesiastical four hundred? He may feel bound, as loyal to the courts of his Church, not to teach certain opinions; but where is the Church court that can bind his conscience or his intellect, that he should not hold the opinions which may be called in question?

3. The liberal party in the Presbyterian Church must organize and unite, if it would win the battle of liberty. Here is the trouble with every liberal movement. It is disunited. Conservatism is a unit. Liberals do not know nor agree as to what they want. Conservatives are agreed and united. They want to keep what they have. Figures will lie. The majority of four to one is misleading. It is by no means a fair test of the opinions in the Presbyterian Church. The conservatives have been preparing for that Assembly all the year; the liberals have done practically nothing. Take the Presbytery of Elizabeth, to which the writer belongs. It is a liberal Presbytery. It sent a liberal delegation to Washington last year. It voted by an overwhelming majority—I think thirty to six—to ordain a man to the eldership who refused to accept certain statements in the Confession of Faith which a good many laymen and ministers do not believe. What did this Presbytery do this year? It sent up a solid conservative delegation to Saratoga. They have not yet made their report, but there is not the slightest doubt that four of the four hundred votes cast against Dr. Smith and liberty were from the Presbytery of Elizabeth. How did it happen? Why, the conservatives were wide awake, the liberals napping. The former draw the line every time; the latter do not. With the solid conservative vote, carefully canvassed and thoroughly massed, and a few scattering liberal votes on personal grounds, when principles were at stake, our Presbytery helped to write the history of which a majority of us are ashamed, and which the whole Church will some day regret.

4. Then patience and perseverance will conquer. We must not lose heart nor head. There must be good temper, but a persistence that brooks no discouragement. Let this conflict of opinion go on in Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly, the liberals presenting an unbroken front to the conservatives, until the present minority becomes a majority, the tide is turned, Dr. Briggs and Dr. Smith and the rest who may suffer under the present tyranny shall be restored to their functions as ministers in the Presbyterian Church, and another chapter written in the story of liberty of which every loyal Presbyterian and faithful Christian will be proud, and upon which the Christ will smile.

I believe that if the liberal party will remain in the Church, and unite in their battle for the truth (and I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but a Presbyterian and the son of a Presbyterian), I believe with all my Presbyterian soul that within ten years the action at Washington and Saratoga will be reversed.

I hope and pray that the day of charity and peace will break, and the shadows of Christless controversy flee away before the glorious dawn of the twentieth century of God's fast-flowing time. *

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The Norwegian System in Massachusetts

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In reply to The Outlook's criticisms upon the pending Norwegian system bill, I should like to say that the measure has been greatly improved as a result of conference among workers from different parts of the State, and, now, as related to the general state of our legislation, is well-nigh perfect. There can be only four per cent. profit on money actually invested—the same as our savings banks usually pay. The reserve fund feature is in view of the liability of the company's being wound up by city vote, or by legal process, and is only designed to make good any shrinkage of capital in such a contingency. It cannot be touched except in such a contingency. And in such a contingency only so much of it can be taken as to make good the original investment. The remainder is undivided profits, and must go where the other profits go. The reserve fund thus becomes zero as regards the company's profit.

As thus the company gets nothing but four per cent. on actual investment, and must undergo the arduous labor and opprobrium of so complicated an undertaking, I cannot see how "the investment [is] an attractive one." It is, indeed, a *safe* investment, but that safety is bought by arduous toil and responsibility, and, strictly, is not so good as money in a savings bank, because the latter is not taxable, and this, I take it, is. Deducting taxes, if I am right in so saying, the net profit on investment is only about two and a half per cent.

I acknowledge that the applying of profits to objects of public utility might constitute an incentive to a community to continue such a license system. In fact, what to do with the profits is the most serious problem. We cannot sell the liquor at cost and have no profits, for that would increase drinking, and, since there will be profits, after careful study, the application of them to hospitals, reading-rooms, industrial education, and like objects of public utility has seemed the best disposition to make of them. But if you knew what a mighty moral and spiritual force is back of the movement, you would perceive that that force was a practical guarantee against communities continuing the system for the profits.

An aspect of the whole subject which one out of Massachusetts can hardly understand is the gigantic force of the no-license movement in the State under our local option law. This is persistent, powerful, and making headway into very large places. But it is constantly balked by the impracticability of no-license in a few of our largest cities. It is really to meet this this specific difficulty that we have introduced this bill. If we can get it passed, can tentatively begin in a moderate-sized city like Springfield, can thence feel our way along till we have covered Worcester, Lowell, Fall River, and Boston, we will, as we estimate, reduce the liquor evil in those places by more than half, divorce it from politics, and hinder its money and political power from being a constant menace to our no-license work elsewhere. In short, this movement is a piece of strategy, in a State densely populated, where practical temperance reform is making fine progress, but where, for certain places, this kind of auxiliary help is needed. B.

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—

Mission Among the Higher Classes of China

To the Editors of The Outlook:

First of all *for* the higher classes, and then *with* and through them to the people.

If greater opportunities for Christian missions in China exist among the common people, then the greater duty to labor with such persons is at once apparent. As a fact, such a duty has always been recognized. The larger proportion of missionaries have secured their converts from the poor and middle classes. It would seem, therefore, that special attention directed to the ruling and literary classes, to the leaders of thought and action, by a few missionaries is not only fitting but also obligatory.

To labor either for or with the higher class of Chinese is the hardest of all undertakings. Nevertheless, there are grounds of encouragement. Though intensely conservative and proudly exclusive, they yet represent the brains of China, and if our religious tenets are founded in the highest reason and can be reasonably advocated, then surely we should rejoice to meet talent of the best grade.

Furthermore, a great many of the strong men of China are not only strong intellectually, but active in moral and religious enterprises. They do deeds of righteousness and long for better things. By the efforts of a few the missionary organization may get in touch with such men, and so combine in promoting all schemes for ameliorating the condition of that populous. poverty-stricken country.

Again, the code of propriety which prevails in China furnishes opportunity for the missionary, as the visitor or stranger, to call first on the resident. Only it is required that the foreigner conform to all the Chinese code, and so, by adaptation, succeed in presenting the claims and blessings of the religion of Christ. Having met over one hundred Chinese mandarins, I have never found one with whom religious questions may not be fittingly broached.

The point is this, that, however difficult be the cultivation of communication between the foreign missionary and the upper classes of the Chinese, success in that line can be reached, if made a special study and effort. It is also especially true in China that, though actual conversion may be difficult for such a class, yet it is always possible to increase from their number the circle of friends. Friendship is a cardinal virtue in the Confucian system, and it

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always pays for a missionary to cultivate friends as a branch of evangelization.

That the largest measure of success may be gained in this new and difficult branch, I have determined to make it a special object of attention and service—to make it, in fact, a life-work. By the approval of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, I will carry it on independently of that Board, and so be free to aid any society as the opportunities may require. So far as the present opportunities indicate, the main thing will be personal effort united with the efforts of competent natives. As a subordinate and yet important matter, it is desirable that a small equipment of apparatus be secured, such as magic lantern, maps, books, globes, pictures, etc., for use in illustrated lectures and for establishing a book depot, with a reading-room attached. The last year I was in China such an establishment was placed in my charge and supported by the financial aid of the English Baptist Society. Even a missionary working with the upper classes must have his tools. For salaries, houses, and equipment the first year some eight thousand dollars will be needed. Funds may be sent to myself at Warsaw, N. Y., or to bankers, Brown Brothers & Co., 59 Wall Street, New York City. By securing the backing of persons of culture, refinement, and piety, without regard to creed or polity, all efforts directed to the higher classes of China will meet with a quicker response. Those persons want to know who are the ones interested in their welfare. It is the personality to be reckoned both there and here.

(Rev.) GILBERT REID.

Notes and Queries

In a recent number of a sectarian weekly I notice this declaration: "The doctrine of the literal resurrection of the body, though long held on the supposed authority of an infallible revelation, is inevitably doomed by the discoveries of science." While I fully agree with this, will you kindly inform me the facts of science which establish the conception? The old tradition is irrational, yet the traditionalist, besides using several passages of Scripture to substantiate his position, further offers in argument the alleged literal resurrection of the body of Christ. If the literal body of Christ was resurrected by miracle, that our bodies should be resurrected would be no greater miracle. F. J. D. V.

The facts of science bear a testimony which is negative rather than positive. Whether the body is slowly oxidized in the earth, or quickly in the fire, it is wholly resolved into its elements, which pass again into other living organisms. In the inhabited parts of the earth it is doubtful whether there is a particle of dust to which any creature could lay an exclusive claim. The living body is continually changing its materials throughout life, so that it is the more unreasonable to suppose that any of the material belonging to it at death can become fixed to an individual possessor. Wholly irrelevant in this discussion is the question whether, in Jesus's case, the body which had not undergone decomposition was reanimated by the returning spirit.

The inclosed clipping I cut from "The Wisconsin Patriot" of Milwaukee, Wis., an A. P. A. paper. Will The Outlook tell us if the oaths said to be taken by Roman Catholic priests, bishops, and by Jesuits, are genuine, or are they all a forgery—baseless, wicked forgeries? They are kept standing in that paper in both English and German. What is the truth about them? H. D. S.

The clipping of a column and more is too long to insert. So far as it relates to the Jesuits, it is, in part at least, of doubtful genuineness, although what is equally atrocious may be found in the published writings of the Jesuits on casuistry. Dr. Washington Gladden, in the "Century" for last March, has made so clear an exposure of the forgeries and falsehoods to which the A. P. A. has resorted, as to excuse intelligent readers from spending time to ascertain whether any statements emanating from that source are true or false.

1. Please inform me what is meant by the doctrine of the Nicolaitans mentioned in the Revelation? 2. Can it be a reasonable thought, when we think of Our Father, to believe in eternal duration of punishment? 3. The Second Advent teachings have a sweet reasonableness to my mind. I want to believe the truth. "What is truth?" G. A. F.

1. The Nicolaitans are supposed to have been a sect of antinomians, who did what Paul exhorts against in Galatians v., 13; that is, they abused Paul's teaching that the law had been superseded by the Gospel, by turning liberty into license for easy and sensual living. 2. The notion of the endlessness of evil seems to us both Biblically and philosophically untrue. 3. There are various sects of Adventists, but we think them all mistaken. To understand the subject, read Dr. Warren's "Parousia" or Dr. Whiton's "Beyond the Shadow."

Kindly answer the following questions: 1. The name of author of "Ecce Homo"? 2. The religious denomination to which he belongs? 3. Is he the author of other published works; if so, what, and publisher's name? 4. Are the opinions, as set forth in "Ecce Homo," such as the Presbyterian Assembly, for example, would probably consider heterodox or not? W. S.

1. Professor J. R. Seeley, of Cambridge, England. 2. The Church of England. 3. "Christ as the Creator of Modern Theology and Religion," "Roman Imperialism," "Classical Studies," "Lectures and Essays," and some others. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, the publishers of "Ecce Homo," can probably complete the list for you. 4. They would probably object to some of them.

Is there an arrangement of the Gospels where the four Gospels are printed side by side in columns on each page, the text being placed in chronological order? If so, by whom is it published, and what is the price? E.

The arrangement you describe is what is called a "Harmony." The best is Robinson's, edited by Professor Riddle. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $2.)

Can any one give the author of the following verse and the poem of which it is a part?

"The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at the close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away."

H. W. R.

"F. J. H.," who asks about the lines quoted from the title-page of "The Prince of India," will find them in Longfellow's "Christus," in the Prologue to "John Endicott." H. W. R.

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AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA

Griffith, Benjamin. Biographical Sketches. Edited by Charles H. Banes.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Huxley, Thomas H. Man's Place in Nature, and Other Anthropological Essays. $1.25.
McCarthy, Justin. Red Diamonds. $1.25.
Ayres, Alfred. Acting and Actors; Elocution and Elocutionists. $1.
Ebers, Georg. Cleopatra. Translated by Mary J. Safford. 2 Vols.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Ely, Richard T. Socialism and Social Reform. $1.50.

E. P DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

Topping, Leila L. The Burden of Ill Health: How to Bear It. 50 cts.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Baldwin, Charles S. The Inflections and Syntax of the Morte d'Arthur of Sir Thomas Malory. $1.50.
Goodwin, W. W., and J. W. White. The First Four Books of Xenophon's Anabasis. $1.65.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Baker, William M. The New Timothy. 50 cts.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

King, Captain Charles. An Initial Experience and Other Stories. $1.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Tadema, Laurence Alma. The Wings of Icarus. $1.25.

PORTER & COATES, PHILADELPHIA

Castlemon, Harry. Oscar in Africa.

PRATT INSTITUTE FREE LIBRARY, BROOKLYN

Hints to Small Libraries.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Taylor, John M. Maximilian and Carlotta. $1.50.
Discipleship: The Scheme of Christianity. By the Author of "The King and the Kingdom."
Church, Samuel H. Oliver Cromwell: A History.
Booth, Newton, of California. His Speeches and Addresses. Edited by Lauren E. Crane.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

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Call for Information

All readers of The Outlook who live near enough to call are especially invited to visit the Recreation Department and obtain its help in planning a summer trip anywhere. We are able in many cases to show photographs of the houses you may wish to know of, and a personal interview always enables us to give better information. You possibly have in mind just the kind of a place you would like to visit. If you will call (or write if you can't come), we shall be very glad to help you find it. We can help you plan a tour, tell you of connections, of ways to go by water or rail, and the hotels you will find *en route*. Almost any information you want in relation to summer travel can be given you. All subscribers are entitled to use the Recreation Department freely.

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INTERVALE, N. H. **BELLEVUE HOUSE**

Now open. Fine views of the mountains. A pretty booklet is sent free. J. A. BARNES' SONS.

THE CLARENDON INTERVALE N. H.

Opens June 1st. Write for terms. R. W. WEEKS.

INTERVALE, N. H.

Intervale House

Now Open

Send for pamphlet. S. MUDGETT & SONS.

(For other advertisements in this department see following pages.)

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New Hampshire

IRON MOUNTAIN HOUSE
Jackson, N. H.

Now open. Special inducements to early visitors. Send for circular. W. A. MESERVE.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.—Highland House, Jefferson Highlands, New Hampshire. Elevation, 1,650 feet. Reduction for June and September. Send for circular. J. L. POTTLE.

PLINY RANGE HOUSE
Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

Beautiful situation; high elevation; reduced rates for June and September; good rooms and board; beautiful drives. Correspondence solicited. GEO. W. CRAWFORD & SON.

The Wentworth
Newcastle, N. H.

Railroad Station, Portsmouth, N. H.

Thirty minutes distant, where coaches from the house meet every train.

The Fashionable Resort of the North Shore

Open for the Season June 30th

New Rockingham
Portsmouth, N. H.

FINEST HOTEL IN THE COUNTRY

Popular and convenient stopping place for tourists en route to or from the Mountains, Canada, or resorts of Maine.

Frank Jones, Proprietor. **W. K. Hill,** Manager.

THE GRAND VIEW LITTLETON, N. H.

Location unsurpassed. Large farm connected. Send for circulars. F. O. NOURSE, Propr.

LITTLETON, N. H.—Mountain Home House. Beautifully located near all the points of interest in the White Mountains. Abundant shade, pure water, perfect drainage. Mrs. E. D. SAWYER.

Oak Hill House
LITTLETON, N. H.

One of the most extended and magnificent views in the White Mountains. Perfect drainage; electric lights; all modern improvements. Send for circular. Geo. Farr & Co.

PITMAN HALL LOWER BARTLETT, N. H.

Rates are reasonable for early guests. Address FRANK THOMPSON.

THE GRAND MONT VERNON, N. H.

1,200 feet above the sea; pine groves, beautiful scenery, pure air, pure water, fine orchestra. For illustrated pamphlet address WADE & CAMPBELL, Managers.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN HOTELS
FABYAN HOUSE
Now Open
CRAWFORD HOUSE
MT. WASHINGTON SUMMIT HOUSE
Will open June 30

Correspondence invited from those desiring accommodations. Post and telegraph office in each house. Information at Recreation Dept., The Outlook, or address BARRON & MERRILL, Proprietors.

White Mountains, N. H.
TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Most central location in the mountain region.

Opens June 20

For descriptive circular and rates address WM. A. BARRON, Manager.

NORTH CONWAY, N. H.—Edgewood Cottage. A little out of the village; with good mountain views, large rooms, shade trees. Farm connected. For rates, etc., address GEO. F. WOLCOTT.

SUNSET PAVILION
North Conway, N. H.

Now open. Write for rates.

New Hampshire

NORTH WOODSTOCK, N. H.
The Alpine

This popular summer hotel opens June 15. Reduced rates in June and first two weeks in July. Send for illustrated circular. JAMES H. BATCHELDER, North Woodstock, N. H.

THE WINSLOW HOUSE, Mt. Kearsarge, Potter Place Station, N. H.—4,000 feet above the level of the sea. Will open **June 1st.** Delightful view; healthy location. Cuisine française. Circulars can be had at Outlook Office.

A quiet house; 30 guests; new, first-class; 1,700 feet elevation; unsurpassed views; cold spring water; no hay-fever. Open June 15.

MIRAMONTE
SUGAR HILL, N. H.

Circulars at our New York Office, care the Recreation Department, The Outlook, 13 Astor Place; also 20 S. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa. For rooms write "MIRAMONTE," Sugar Hill, N. H.

New Jersey

THE CHALFONTE
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

On the ocean front. Thoroughly modern and complete. Hot and cold sea-water baths, passenger elevator, etc. Send for descriptive illustrated booklet. E. ROBERTS & SONS.

THE IRVINGTON

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—On the beach. Elevator; steam heat; filtered water; sun parlors; billiard and music rooms. CHAMBERS & HOOPES.

The Norwood
AVON-BY-THE-SEA
MONMOUTH CO., NEW JERSEY

Situated in the Pines, two blocks from the Ocean; capacity, one hundred guests. Address Miss A. E. ODGERS.

BERNARDSVILLE, N. J.
SOMERSET INN

will open about June 1st. Address GEO. W. TUTTLE, Manager, Bernardsville, N. J., or call on premises Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Carriage will meet train leaving New York 9 A.M. those days.

BORDENTOWN COLLEGE Summer guests can be accommodated, June 1 to Sept. 1. Excellent table; pleasant rooms; delightful grounds on the bluffs of the Delaware. Penn. R.R., between N. Y. and Phila. Five minutes from station. Reasonable rates. Mrs. G. S. BOWEN, Bordentown, N. J.

STRATFORD-BY-THE-SEA

Directly on the beach at Point Pleasant, N. J.; modern, complete; hot salt baths; surf-bathing. Send for prospectus. $10 per week for June. H. M. PARKER.

New York City

AT THE END OF YOUR JOURNEY
You will find it a great convenience to go right over to
The Grand Union Hotel
Fourth Ave., 41st & 42d Sts.
OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.
Central for shopping and theatres.
Baggage to and from 42d St. Depot free.
Rooms, $1.00 per Day and Upwards.

New York

Delavan House
ALBANY, N. Y.

Centrally located. A pleasant house for Tourists. HURTY & MOORE, Props.

ADIRONDACKS
The ALGONQUIN Lower Saranac Lake

Opens June first. Illustrated book at Recreation Dept., The Outlook, Astor Place.
JOHN HARDING, Prop., Algonquin, Franklin Co., N. Y.

New York

"DOWIE HOUSE" WESTERN CATSKILLS

Summer and winter board: modern house; water; bath; excellent table; tennis, croquet For particulars apply to Mrs. CHAS. MOORE, Andes, Delaware Co., N. Y. Reference: Rev. Dr. Holley, Hackensack, N. J.

BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE Blue Mountain Lake N. Y.

TYLER M. MERWIN, Proprietor. Finest view of Lakes and Mountains in the ADIRONDACKS. Good boating and fishing. Free from Hay Fever. Open all the year. Terms reasonable. Send for circulars.

ADIRONDACKS
CASCADE LAKE HOUSE
Cascadeville, New York

Nine miles from R.R. station; best trout-fishing in mountains; boating, bowling, tennis, etc.; telegraph and P. O. in house. Send for circular.
CHAS. FURY, M'g'r. E. M. WESTON, Prop.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Open June 20. 3½ Hours from New York.
CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE CO., Catskill, N. Y.

WOODMERE HOUSE and COTTAGE
CATSKILL, N. Y.

Beautiful drives; river, mountain, and intervale scenery. Send for circular. A. PARSONS, Prop.

The Jackson Sanatorium
DANSVILLE, NEW YORK
(ESTABLISHED IN 1858.)

Elevated location, 1,200 ft. above sea-level, overlooking the beautiful Genesee Valley.

Personal Care of experienced Physicians. All valuable forms of treatment. Provision for rest, recreation, and amusement.

Elegant **fire-proof** main building and twelve cottages. Asphalt Roof promenade. Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone. Cuisine under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of Chautauqua Cooking School.

On line D., L. & W. R. R., between New York and Buffalo. Open all the year. For illustrated circular, etc. address J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Sec'y.

MAPLEWOOD HOUSE AND COTTAGES, Ellenville, N. Y.—Newly furnished and fitted with modern appliances. Milk, fruit, and vegetables from owner's farm. Large rooms; shady lawn. N. LEFEVER.

MUNNATAWKET HOTEL
Mansion House and Cottages
FISHERS ISLAND NEW YORK

Charmingly located; beautiful marine views; boating, bathing, fishing, billiards, bowling, livery; all modern improvements; most desirable resort along the Connecticut coast. Furnished or unfurnished cottages at moderate prices.

Hotel Opened June 1st

New York office, 945 Broadway, Room A, The Cumberland. W. C. WHITE, Manager.
Windsor Hotel, Bridgeport, Conn.

THE GLEASON SANITARIUM
ELMIRA, N. Y.

(*Established in 1852.*) Thoroughly remodeled the past winter; will reopen June 1st; all modern improvements; electric bells, elevator, gas, steam heat, sun parlor; all forms of baths—Turkish, Russian, Roman, and Electric; Swedish movements, massage. Location beautiful and healthy; 200 ft. above the valley and 1,000 ft. above the sea. Write for descriptive pamphlet. E. B. Gleason, Manager.

"INTERPINES"—A beautiful, quiet, restful "Home" for the nervous invalid; 60 miles from New York City; 800 ft. above sea-level. Appointments in every way desirable. Sanitation perfect.
Goshen, N. Y. FREDERICK W. SEWARD, M.D. Resident Physician.

Santa Cruz Park
IN THE CATSKILLS

The "Lodge," the Club-House of the Santa Cruz Falls Association, opens June 1st. A limited number of guests can be accommodated from above date to October 1st. Apply early for rooms (with references) to

JAMES BOLTON, Manager, Haines Falls, N. Y.

A few furnished Cottages for rent. For particulars and circulars address

H. H. JOHNSON, President, 49 Beaver St., N. Y.

ADIRONDACKS—Flume Cottage, Keene Valley, N.Y. Heart of Mts.; beautiful, elevated; comfort, rest; no infants; circular written by guests; $8 and $10; till July 1, Box 111, Summit, N. J.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Trembleau Hall Port Kent, N.Y.

Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Lawn-Tennis, etc. 'Bus meets all boats and trains. For terms address FARRELL & ADGATE, Prop'rs.
Circulars at The Outlook Co.

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.—Hulett's Landing Hotel, greatly enlarged and improved, offers excellent accommodations. Location is most attractive. Prices moderate. Prospectus sent on application to HENRY W. BUCKELL, Prop., Hulett's Landing, N.Y.

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New York

ADIRONDACK WILDERNESS

Eight hours from G. C. depot, New York, via new line to Childwold, the heart of the Great North Woods.

Childwold Park House

on Lake Massawepie. Modern improvements. Hunting and fishing good. **Queen Anne Cottages** for rental. WM. F. INGOLD, Manager. For information call between 10 and 3 or address H. F. GRISWOLD, Clerk, R'm 10, World Bldg., N. Y. Mention "Outlook."

Mirror Lake Hotel

ADIRONDACKS

LAKE PLACID, N. Y.

Electric lights, steam heat, elevator, electric bells, orchestra, livery, and baths. All appointments positively first-class. Two thousand feet above tide-water. For particulars address

CHAS. E. MARTIN, Manager.

The Ruisseaumont

Hotel and Cottages at **Lake Placid, N.Y. (Adirondacks).** For rent of cottages and terms please address T. EDMUND KRUMBHOLZ, Lake Placid, N. Y.

THE GEM OF THE ADIRONDACKS

Under-Cliff

Northern end of **Lake Placid, Adirondacks.**
A select family resort.
Comfort, excellence, refinement.
Circulars from Recreation Department, *Outlook.*

2,420

FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL

The Walnut Mountain House at Liberty, New York

Cool, health-imparting breezes. Walks and drives beautiful and romantic. Fresh and bountiful dairy products. A pleasant home, providing the necessities and comforts of life. Information of GEORGE B. HOLMES.

LONG BEACH, LONG ISLAND

Season 1894, opens June 16. Railroad excursion rates, surf and still-water bathing, boating, fishing, &c.; superior accommodations; moderate charges; special rates for the season and families; choice building lots, $200 and $400. Summer Parliament during July and August; Dr. David Jas. Burrell, President. For rooms, terms, &c., apply to LONG BEACH ASSOCIATION, 45 Broadway, N. Y.

"RALPH'S"

UPPER CHATEAUGAY LAKE, N. Y.

An attractive, well-kept hotel, in one of the most delightful Adirondack wilds, affording the best sport combined with an unusual degree of comfort, making a season spent here an ideal summer outing.

J. W. HUTTON, P. O. Lyon Mountain, N. Y.

Niagara Falls, N.Y. **TOWER HOTEL.**—New and thoroughly modern. 3-story fireproof house, opp. Prospect Park. Rates, $2.50 a day. R. SINCLAIR.

Mizzen Top Hotel

Quaker Hill, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

Season opens June 20.
N. S. HOWE, Proprietor
Post-Office address, Pawling, N. Y.

ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN—Hotel Windsor. New management: many improvements; long lease; cool, healthy; no hay-fever, no mosquitoes; splendid family resort. **Best fishing in the State.** Reasonable rates. For rates, etc., address G. C. HOWE, Proprietor, Hotel Windsor, Rouse's Point, N. Y.

ADIRONDACKS First-class board in private family near Lake Flower and the beautiful Saranac River; fishing, hunting, rowing, mountain rambles, and a generous table. Address Chetolah Cottage, P. O. Box 56, Saranac Lake, Franklin County, N. Y.

Huestis House

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Open from May to November. Send for illustrated pamphlet. W. B. HUESTIS, Prop.

New York

Dr. Strong's Sanitarium

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

A popular resort for health, change, rest, or recreation all the year. Elevator, electric bells, steam, sun-parlor, and promenade on the roof. Suites of rooms with baths. Dry, tonic air. Massage, Electricity, all baths and all health appliances. Saratoga waters. Croquet, lawn tennis, etc. New Turkish and Russian baths. Send for illustrated circular.

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

Leland House and Cottages

SCHROON LAKE, N. Y.

Accommodates 250. Opens June 12. Splendid drives, tennis, orchestra, bathing and boating; bass and trout fishing. C. T. LELAND, Manager.

CHURCHILL HALL

STAMFORD, N. Y.

Healthful, Homelike, Attractive. Enlarged for season of '94. Send for descriptive and illustrated circular with opinions of Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Lyman Abbott.
S. E. CHURCHILL, M.D., Stamford, N. Y.

GREENHURST STAMFORD, N. Y.
Near all points of interest. Lawn-tennis. Carriage meets all trains. Send for circulars. E. E. VAN DYKE.

"THE CATSKILLS"

The Greycourt Inn

STAMFORD, N. Y.

Electricity; spring water; cuisine unexcelled. Send for circular. S. J. BROWN.

The Hamilton House STAMFORD, N. Y.
All modern conveniences. Open all the year. Free 'bus. Send for circular. A. E. TALLMADGE.

HUBBELL COTTAGE STAMFORD, N. Y.
Open all the year. Excellent cuisine.
H. P. HUBBELL, M.D.

THE INGLESIDE STAMFORD, N. Y.
On Seminary Heights. First-class in all respects; excellent cuisine. Send for circular. E. O. COVEL.

Catskill Mountains

MT. VIEW HOUSE

STAMFORD, N. Y.

New and modern. Electric lights and bells. Now open. For circulars address B. McKILLIP.

NEW GRANT HOUSE

Open June 1st. For Descriptive Circular address
JOHN P. GRANT, Stamford, N. Y.

STAMFORD, N. Y. **THE WESTHOLM**

New House; Modern Improvements; Best Cuisine. Open May 1st. Perfect heating by improved hot-water system; pure air; large rooms. For information address
Mrs. H. S. PRESTON.

White Lake, Sullivan Co., N.Y.
SPRING HOUSE now open. Accommodates 100. Send for circulars. J. E. GRAY.

Oregon

PORTLAND, OR.—THE PORTLAND. One of the most complete and elegant hotels in this country; American plan; $3.00 per day and upward.
W. H. BARMORE, Manager.

Pennsylvania

BRANCH COTTAGE, Delaware Water Gap, Pa. Healthfully and delightfully located; high elevation; central to points of interest; terms moderate. Address for circular ELIAS COMPTON, Proprietor.

DELAWARE WATER GAP, Pa.—Croasdale's Farm House. Open from May till November. Fresh milk and vegetables from farm. Large rooms; shady lawns; livery. E. T. CROASDALE.

THE GLENWOOD Delaware Water Gap, Pa. — Seventeen acres inclosed private grounds; hot and cold baths; electric bells; tennis, croquet; livery. Superior accommodations at moderate rates. Send for circulars. JOHNSON BROS.

WATER GAP HOUSE Delaware Water Gap, Pa.
A mountain resort on a spur of the Blue Ridge; healthful and beautiful; hotel modern and complete; water from mountain springs in bedrooms. Three hours from New York by D., L. & W. R. R. $16 per week in June and October; $18 in July, August, and September. Opens June 11, 1894. L. W. BRODHEAD.

Pennsylvania

Water Gap Sanitarium High and dry among the mountains, near the celebrated Delaware Water Gap. Dry, clear, bracing air. No swamps; no malaria. 35 years' experience. We treat all forms of sickness, and cure with excellent success the hardest cases. Use no drugs. Terms reasonable. Address for further information
WATER GAP SANITARIUM, Minsi, Monroe Co., Pa.

HIGHLAND DELL HOUSE.—Open May to November; on Spur of Blue Ridge, between Delaware Water Gap and Stroudsburg; elevation, 1,300 feet; house heated by steam; capacity, 125. For circulars and rates address J. F. FOULKE, Stroudsburg, Pa.

Walter's Sanitarium

WALTER'S PARK, WERNERSVILLE, PA.

Easiest of access; most delightfully located; for air, water, and scenery unequaled. Terms exceptionally low for first-class accommodations. Send for catalogue. ROBT. WALTER, M.D.

Rhode Island

NARRAGANSETT PIER
RHODE ISLAND

Gladstone and Columbus Hotels

The Gladstone is the largest and best appointed hotel at Narragansett.

The Columbus The most homelike, comfortable, family hotel.

Send for circular. Special terms with families for the season. **W. A. NYE, Proprietor.**

Vermont

A FEW BOARDERS will be accommodated at the Vermont Episcopal Institute, Burlington, Vt., from June 25 to September 1. Finest location on Lake Champlain. H. H. ROSS.

SUMMER BOARDERS
AT THE
WILLARD NERVINE HOME, Burlington, Vt.

Accommodations for **this summer only** can be found here for a limited number, especially such as, by reason of overwork or invalidism, need the absolute quiet and healthful surroundings hereby afforded, but not care by a specialist.

WATERBURY CENTER, Vermont
THE GREEN MOUNTAIN LODGE
will open June 4. Healthful location. Magnificent scenery. ELISABETH COLLEY, Manager.

Wisconsin

FOUNTAIN SPRING HOUSE WAUKESHA, Wis.
The famous mineral spring water of the world. Rates, $15 per week and upwards. A. S. LEE.

TRAVEL

IN THE COUNTRY

Plenty of good, healthful food, fresh vegetables, berries, and milk, a complete change of air, refreshing slumber, with a comfortable home, obtained on the

NEW JERSEY & NEW YORK R.R.

Board from $5.00 Upwards

A great advantage in summering in this healthful locality is the nearness to New York of its summer homes.

For free illustrated book giving list of farm and private houses where board can be obtained, call or address **Recreation Department, The Outlook, 13 Astor Place, N. Y.,** or call ticket offices foot Chambers and W. 23d Sts., N.Y., or general offices, Jersey City.

Summer Vacation

described in a **new illustrated book,** "SUMMER HOMES AMONG THE GREEN HILLS OF VERMONT AND ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN," containing **selected** addresses of the **Best Family Homes** for entertaining Summer Guests, at prices from **$4** to **$10** per week; also list of finest Hotels with prices and Excursion Rates. Out-door pleasures, fishing, boating, climate, and scenery, all unexcelled.

Mailed free on application to

A. W. ECCLESTONE or **S. W. CUMMINGS,**
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DO YOU KNOW about the White Mountains, Dixville Notch, Rangeley, Moosehead, Bar Harbor, St. Andrews, and thousands of other vacation homes in Maine? If you are planning your vacation, choose one of these and write for our guide-books. MAINE CENTRAL R.R., Gen'l Passenger Dept., Portland, Me.

(*For other advertisements in this department see following page.*)

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Travel

WHERE SUMMER BREEZES BLOW

Would you fly if you could
To a glen in the wood,
To a spot in the shade
That nature hath made,
Rich with ferns and wild flowers—
One of nature's fair bowers?

What is life to the soul
If to labor is all?
What a joy to the heart
When for rest we depart
To the woods and the dells!

Does your heart cry for rest
In a place that is blest,
With no shadow or sorrow
Nor care for the morrow?

If so, send your address for a list of "SUMMER TOURS," published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l Passenger Agt., Chicago, Ill.

Try a New Place This Vacation

Go to Nova Scotia

It's the ideal summer land—the land of bright days and cool nights, of health and rest, of surpassing scenery and romantic legend—the land of honest hospitality and (prosaic but important point) delightfully low rates for board. And the charming ocean sail from Boston to Yarmouth!—17 hours at sea.

A handsome new illustrated descriptive book, "Beautiful Nova Scotia," sent on receipt of 10 cents to cover postage. J. F. SPINNEY, Agent.

YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO.
43 Lewis Wharf BOSTON, MASS.

NOVA SCOTIA, CAPE BRETON, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

These new tourist resorts are best reached by the splendid modern-built steamers "Olivette," "Halifax," and "Florida," of the **Canada Atlantic** and **Plant Line**, the only direct route from Boston. Write or apply for rates, sailings, tours, etc., to J. D. HASHAGEN, Room "A," 261 Broadway, New York; RICHARDSON & BARNARD, Agents, 20 Atlantic Ave., Boston, or Recreation Dept., The Outlook.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND LAKE GEORGE

Steamers Vermont, Chateaugay, Horicon, and Ticonderoga leave Caldwell and Ticonderoga on arrival of Delaware and Hudson R. R. trains for all points on Lake George and Champlain, making close connections at Plattsburg with D. and H. R. R. for Montreal, and with Chateaugay R. R. for all points in the Adirondack Mountains. For further information address
GEORGE RUSHLOW, General Manager, Burlington, Vt.

Lake Superior Steamers

The Great Lake Route to all Northern Michigan Summer Resorts.

SAILINGS FROM CHICAGO

For Mackinac Island, Petoskey, Bay View, Harbor Springs, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, Duluth, and intermediate ports—Tuesdays 9 A.M., Wednesdays 8:30 P.M., Fridays 8 P.M., Saturdays 8:30 P.M. *Service first-class in every detail.* For illustrated folders, etc., apply to LAKE MICHIGAN AND LAKE SUPERIOR TRANSPORTATION CO., General Offices, Rush and North Water Sts., Chicago

TRAVELERS AND TOURISTS EVERYWHERE
should carry
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY TRAVELERS' CHEQUES
Worth face value without identification; refunded if lost.

"A HEALING WONDER."

Comfort Powder

Insures perfect complexion. It is the only powder that combines healing with the ordinary qualities of a face powder. It removes pimples, blackheads, oiliness, and roughness of the skin.
Send 4 cents in stamps for liberal sample and book.
COMFORT POWDER CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Use **Comfort Soap** for the hands, face, and complexion. 25c. a cake.

Good Deeds

The name of Mr. Samuel Mather, of Cleveland, must be added to the long list of benefactors to education. He has given a beautiful building, one of the most complete of its kind, and the foundations for which have now been laid, to be used as the Physical Laboratory of Western Reserve University.

That eminent jurist, the late Severn Teacle Wallis, of Baltimore, once declined the position of City Counselor, though in sore need of its salary, because he had strongly advocated the election of Colonel Kane as Mayor, and did not wish that any one should think that he had supported Mayor Kane from motives of personal gain.

In announcing that Rubinstein's new oratorio, "Christus," was to be performed in Berlin for the first time on April 30 last, it was added that another feature of the occasion would be the playing of the composer's concerto in D minor by his already famous young pupil, Josef Hoffman. A Berlin paper, in commenting on the fact that Hoffman had not played there for seven years, says that a wealthy American gave the boy pianist a large sum of money, conditionally on his not playing again in public until after his sixteenth year. This generosity was surely a noble deed in the interests of art.

A generous benefactor to the people of Baltimore has been Mr. Enoch Pratt. As a reference library, the Peabody Institute had been in the front rank of such institutions, but the lack of a general lending library had long been felt. So, instead of deferring the work until his death, leaving a great legacy to be carried out by others, and perhaps to be thwarted by interestedly-made legal complications, Mr. Pratt was as wise as he was liberal. He put the library which bears his name on a firm foundation while he was yet living, and for ten years he has watched over its steady growth.

There are four weather-beaten heroes at Savannah, Georgia. On April 22 last, one hundred and seventy miles off the Bahama Islands, the English screw steamship Clandeboye broke her shaft, and, after floating about for seventeen days, threw anchor off the Bahamas in twenty-eight fathoms of water. After vainly waiting for help from some passing ship, the captain said that their only hope lay in sending a small boat to the nearest port, if they could only find men brave enough. First Mate Harry Hayes, Carpenter John Williams, and Seamen Thomas Donnelly and Henry Olsen immediately volunteered, a lifeboat was provisioned, and they started forth. They encountered strong head-winds, lost part of their mast, and had their rudder carried away. So they beat about in the Gulf Stream, being swept two hundred miles out of their course in the vain search for aid. Finally they miraculously made the port of Savannah, Georgia. They quickly secured two tugs to tow the Clandeboye, and saved that perilously exposed vessel.

Don't pay money for water!

A *Solid* Extract of Beef is more *Economical* than a liquid, because concentrated, and housekeepers will find it much cheaper to

BUY
Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

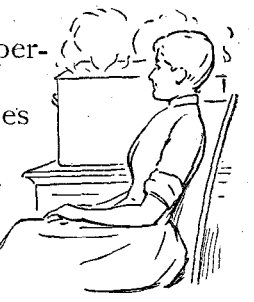
a solid, concentrated extract, free from fat and gelatine or any foreign substance, and dissolve it themselves.

The genuine has this signature on the jar, *in blue:*—

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD OF CHURCH FURNISHINGS
OPERA AND ASSEMBLY CHAIRS
THE GRAND RAPIDS, SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.
GRAND RAPIDS MICH.

Two ways of washing.

One is the same way your grandmother washed—there wasn't anything better, then—rub soap into the clothes—rub them up and down on a board till you get the dirt worn off; hard work and wear out the clothes. The other way is **Pearline's.** You put the clothes into **Pearline** and water—then you wait. **Pearline** gets the dirt all out. A little rinsing makes them perfectly clean. **Pearline** does the work. There's nothing so easy, so economical, or that keeps your clothes so absolutely safe from harm and wear and tear.



Beware of imitations. 426 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

IT POPS.

Effervescent, too.

Exhilarating, appetizing.
Just the thing to build up the constitution.

Hires' Rootbeer

Wholesome and strengthening, pure blood, free from boils or carbuncles. General good health—results from drinking **HIRES'** Rootbeer the year round.

Package makes five gallons, 25c.
Ask your druggist or grocer for it.
Take no other.

Send 2-cent stamp to the Charles E. Hires Co., 117 Arch St., Philadelphia, for beautiful picture cards.

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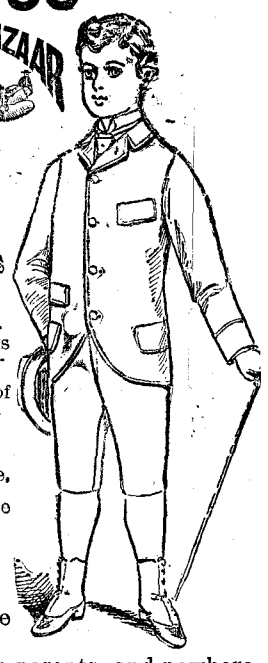

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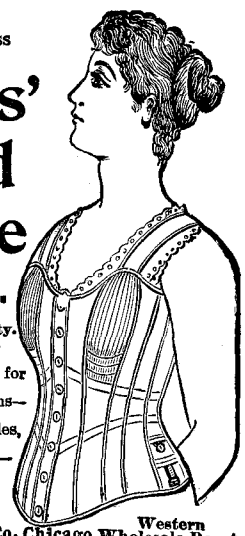

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The Business World

Government Crop Report and Our Exports

The consolidation of the correspondents' reports to the Department of Agriculture, just issued, is interesting reading. The average condition of winter wheat has improved from 81.4 per cent. on May 1 to 83.2 on June 1. Percentages from principal States are: Ohio, 96; Indiana, 93; Michigan, 89; Illinois, 84; Missouri, 82; California, 60; and Kansas, 57. The average condition of spring wheat is put at 88 per cent. Percentages for the chief spring-wheat States are: Minnesota, 99; North Dakota, 97; Wisconsin and Oregon, 96; Iowa, 90; Washington, 89; South Dakota, 79; and Nebraska, 44. As to acreage, that of both winter and spring wheat for the whole country is 95.03, or about 33,000,000 acres. Winter wheat acreage has fallen off only slightly, but spring wheat very perceptibly. The acreage of oats is one point less than last year; the average condition is 87 per cent. The acreage of barley is 98.5 per cent. of last year, and its condition 82.2. No apprehension need be felt from short crops, such as would be quite natural under ordinary circumstances. In addition to our own commercial depression, competition from Argentine, India, and Russia is fiercer than ever, and it has been cleverly said that, if this continues, our farmers might be compelled to ask for a Government bounty, as the Louisiana planters did with sugar, to justify the further cultivation of wheat. The pressure of Argentine grain, noted last week, is but an acute stage of the chronic competition which threatens to reduce our export for a time at least. The advantage offered in lower prices has induced Great Britain to decrease her orders to us, and to increase her purchases from South America, India, and Russia. During the past two years she has bought twice as much wheat from us as she consumed from her own crop, and more than four times as much as she purchased from any other country. As, during the last four years, our own wheat exports have more than doubled, it would indeed be a pity if the best customer we have should now permanently curtail our preponderance in her imports. Last week saw an increase in our exports, and the total from July 1, 1893, to June 8, 1894, is now nearly 160,000,000 bushels, as compared with 180,000,000 last year. Contrariwise, corn exports are almost 60,000,000 bushels, as against only 34,000,000 for the same period last year. The week's grain quotations at Chicago have shown a notable rise, and have strengthened prices throughout the general market. Wheat has gone up nearly six cents a bushel, corn nearly four, and oats over eight cents.

Money at Home and Abroad

Last week over $6,000,000 gold was exported to Europe, and it would be interesting to know how long this outflow of several millions a week is to continue. Meanwhile the Banks of England, France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary are accumulating vast stocks of gold, and, induced by the universal cheapness of money, some foreign governments are preparing to convert their debts. For instance, Bulgaria is beginning the conversion of her 6 per cent. bonds into 5 per cents, and Turkey is negotiating to convert her loans of 1854 and 1871, secured upon the tribute from Egypt. That last-named land has applied to the Powers to authorize the conversion of her Unified Debt, now bearing 4 per cent., and which amounts to about $280,000,000. It is also reported that Norway will float a new 3½ loan for 19,000,000 krone ($4,500,000) in Berlin. Foreign exchange has not changed from last week's rates. Call money remains at 1 per cent. and time money at 1 per cent. for thirty days, 1½ for sixty, 2 for ninety, 2½ for four months, and 3 per cent. for longer periods. Mercantile paper is more closely scrutinized than ever. Rates are at 2½ per cent. for prime indorsed sixty-day bills, 2¾ per cent. for sixty to ninety day bills, 3 per cent. for commission-house names four months to run, 3½ to 4 per cent. for best four to six months' single names, and 4½ to 5½ per cent. for others. The New York City bank statement for the past week shows a small increase in loans, a loss in cash of $1,361,400, and in deposits of $1,258,200. The interior currency movement was again the reason of the banks' comparatively small cash decrease, despite the heavy gold exports. The excess reserve above legal requirements is now reduced to $76,918,250.

Floods, Strikes, and Sugar

It is as surprising as it is gratifying that last week's stock market was not more influenced by the floods, by the violence in the West, by the continued necessity for troops to be kept under arms in many States, nor by the fact that, added to the two hundred thousand strikers, the consequent coal famine has also enforced idleness upon one-half again as many industrial workers. The strike is commented on elsewhere; as to the floods, press dispatches report that the damage to the Union Pacific Railway alone may exceed $1,000,000, falling largely on the Oregon Railway and Navigation branch. This is especially severe on a system like the Union Pacific, whose Government and receivership troubles are already vexing enough, and whose record for nine months shows gross earnings decreased by one-quarter, and net earnings by nearly a half. Yet right in the face of all these untoward circumstances occurred the advance in grain, with its good influence upon railway securities. The vote in the Senate on the sugar schedule influenced the market only as advancing the whole Tariff Bill a point, and as slightly brightening the hope that some sort of tariff certainty is nearer. Conservative investors, however, have grown too wary to be hoodwinked by any bit of attempted legislation. They are wisely waiting until the bill is returned to the House and action is taken there.

The Caracas-Valencia Railway

Venezuelans are deservedly proud of their wonderful new railway, just completed after six years' work, which unites the capital, Caracas, on the one side with Valencia, and on the other with the sea at Puerto Cabello. Its commercial value even is distanced by its strategic, since revolutions must become less frequent in the State of Caraboba by reason of the fact that the Government will now be able quickly to transport troops across the Andes. The great cannon-maker, Herr Krupp, of Essen, Germany, was the first to obtain a concession to build a railway between Caracas and Valencia. Three crops a year grow in the region about the Lake of Valencia, and the Germans who succeeded Herr Krupp in the enterprise were as quick to see the commercial value to themselves as was the Venezuelan Government to recognize its military worth. A 7 per cent. interest was guaranteed by the Government on a cost of $110,000 a mile between Valencia and Cagua, and $125,000 between Cagua and Caracas. The most difficult miles "in the heart of the Andes," however, cost nearly $500,000 each, and the contractor for this "Bigonia section" was an American, Mr. Louis Frost, of New Orleans. The total cost of construction will be not far from $20,000,000.

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Rings and Their Symbolisms

When young Russian girls are anxious to know if they will be married (and what young girl is not anxious to know that?) several of them assemble, each wearing a ring. A large basket of corn is brought in, and each girl drops her ring in carefully, stirring up the corn the while. Then a hungry hen is introduced, and whichever maiden's ring is first discovered will be the first one married.

In the marshes of the North Sea coast it was formerly customary in Germany for the bridegroom to give the bride, on the day of betrothal, instead of a ring, a valuable coin, called "Echle," or genuine, as a pledge that the compact between them was binding. This is also a remnant of the time when wives were acquired by right of purchase; and the custom is still prevalent in some isolated places.

Among un-Christianized nations betrothal rings are unknown. For example, a Mohammedan, instead of giving his bride a ring, bestows on her a "Maschkass," or square amulet of pure gold, which the girl hangs around her neck. In India a small amulet is worn by a woman as a badge of marriage. It generally consists of many colored beads, and is about as large round as a bracelet; but there must be some gold in it, however little. An amulet ring of the fifteenth century, discovered some eighty years ago in England, was supposed to guarantee its wearer against all evil. In the middle is the figure of Christ, with the five holy wounds, from which ooze drops of blood. The surrounding inscriptions are: "The well of everlasting life," "The well of pity," "The well of mercy," "The well of comfort," "The well of grace."

Among the Anglo-Saxons the ring was worn only by the bride or wife, on whose right hand it was placed at the betrothal, being transferred to the left hand at the marriage ceremony. The ring adorned with death's heads is a masterpiece of the Italian goldsmith's art in the sixteenth century.—*Home and Country.*

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BAYSHORE, L. I.—On Great South Bay. Very desirable completely furnished cotttage to let; 12 rooms; modern conveniences; large piazza. Piano, cow, and chickens if desired. Fine location in view of Bay. $125 per month. Address MARY WERDEN.

A LADY TEACHER of experience in higher grammar-school work desires engagement as tutor for one or two pupils during part of the summer, at seashore or mountains. Highest references. Address R., No. **6,819,** Outlook Office.

WANTED—In a refined family living in the country, a home for the summer for a school-girl fifteen years old. Well trained in household work, companionable, and willing. Address C., P. O. Box 2,317, New York, N. Y.

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I WILL GIVE INSTRUCTION to young ladies or young gentlemen in college preparatory studies at my residence in the Adirondacks after July 1. MARTIN BAHLER, Prin. Coll. Inst., Summit, N. J.

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It costs no more per gallon than cheap paints, and lasts many times as long.

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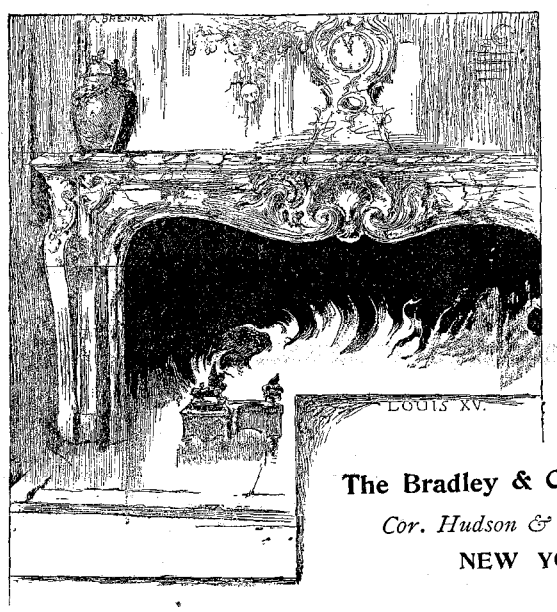

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The Bradley & Currier Co., Ltd.

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New Series of The Christian Union

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From Brazil

In a letter lately received from a correspondent at Sao Paulo, Brazil, we learn that the real occurrences of the "late" civil war were neither sooner nor better known in most of that unhappy land than in North America. The press of the country is so greatly under the Government's thumb that nine-tenths of the communicated tidings must perforce be swallowed with a large pinch of salt. Aside from this one-sidedness, however, from the very nature of things it is impossible for Brazilians themselves to know how long the vexatious and tenacious rebellion may last before its final destruction. No sooner is it put down in one place than it crops up in another; and there was much grim sarcasm, to any one at all conversant with the average South American nature, in President Peixoto's recent proclamation that the revolt had been entirely stamped out. In all the countries south of our own, revolts are never entirely stamped out. Indeed, under a republican form of government, sad to say, far more than under the monarchical but benignant sway of the late Emperor Dom Pedro, Portuguese Brazil seems following in the wake of all the petty Spanish republics of Central and South America in continually going from one revolution into another. The ambition of some party leader is ever the cause, and the army or the navy ever the ready and willing tools. Meanwhile the poor people groan—and support the politicians. Hence, in spite of the Brazilian Government's announcement of speedy peace to the nation, the citizens felt their spirits but little lightened. A practical expression of this is in the continued heavy course of Brazilian paper money, never so low as now, while the coin of the realm represents but a third of its value of five years ago. Trade is everywhere depressed, and the necessities of life are three times as high as formerly. If, in settling the expenses of the civil war, the Government would pursue a financial policy which should put new cash into the Treasury, matters might mend somewhat; but, in all justice to the powers that be, it must be added that Brazilian capitalists are too unsettled about their country's future to lend their hoarded gold to the present Government. Other South American finances are also in a bad way. In the Argentines, gold commands a premium of nearly 300 per cent., since the Government of President Pena is not keeping to its agreement with the railway companies, built with English capital, in funding the guaranteed bonds. In Chili the Government bonds have fallen 5 per cent., and the Chilian dollar now brings but 21¼ cents.

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are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

Bright's Disease,

The Gouty Diathesis, etc.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Nature's Great Remedy for Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, the Gouty Diathesis Stone of the Bladder, &c.

Dr. M. M. Jordan,
Boydton, Virginia. [*A communication from the "Virginia Medical Monthly" for March, 1888.*] "Three years ago, without having been previously sensible of impaired strength or any deterioration of health, I found myself suffering from Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. My attention was first directed to the existence of renal trouble by Dropsy making its appearance as Œdema on the face, particularly around the eyes, and simultaneously in the lower extremities. Examination showed that the urine contained two and a half per cent. of albumen, there was a heavy sediment, and casts of urates were deposited in abundance. This state of things was soon followed by **Uræmic Poisoning, manifested by Coma and Delirium,** and I was confined for many months to my bed, **everything pointing to a fatal termination.** Treatment failing of any permanent good results, I was, in this condition, put upon

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

the good effects of which were soon apparent in a notable diminution of the albumen, a partial disappearance of the Dropsy, and a gradual subsidence of the Coma and Delirium. Under the continued use of the Water there was slow but constant improvement in my condition, until **I was so far restored as to be able to enter actively upon the practice of my profession,** in which I have now been engaged for some two years without any interruption of moment on account of my health. There has been, occasionally, some manifestation of unpleasant symptoms, but I have found them promptly disappear under the influence of the Water. With this experience I cannot do less than commend this Water to the profession as worthy of trial in other similar cases."

Dr. David E. Smith,
of Bronxville, Westchester, N. Y. [*Extract from communication in the "Medical Brief" of May, 1881.*]
"Several months since I was called to see a patient, a lady suffering from hereditary **Rheumatic Gout.** Her limbs were very Œdematous and would pit on pressure, leaving an indentation long after the finger was removed. This led me to inquire as to the condition of the urinary organs. Microscopical examination showed that the urine was loaded with urates; and also revealed casts, and by heat and nitric acid I found **twenty-five per cent. albumen,** showing a marked case of **Bright's Disease complicated with Rheumatic Gout.** My first object was to get rid of the gravel, which was rasping and tearing the kidneys. **I put dry** cups over the kidneys and **ordered**

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four goblets a day. In a few days she passed a stone (egg-shaped) five-eighths of an inch long by one-quarter of an inch in diameter. I continued the cupping and the use of the Water, and she continued steadily improving, until now the urine is nearly normal. No casts can be discovered, and she is scarcely sensible of the gouty trouble."

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About People

—1809 was a memorable year, since it gave to the world Lincoln, Tennyson, Darwin, Gladstone, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

—The story is going the rounds that M. Turpin has received four million francs from some nation, not France, for his new war-machine. His countrymen, nevertheless, persist in declaring that a proper reward would have been thirty pieces of silver.

—Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, the well-known illustrator, was born in 1867 at Roxbury, Mass., and studied in New York with Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and in Paris at the Julien Studio. He is still unmarried. In appearance Mr. Gibson is not unlike some of his young men in "Life." His hair is dark-brown, his eyes blue-gray, he wears no beard, and his athletic figure is rather above the medium height.

—It may be said with some justice that France is being governed by a boy Cabinet. The Prime Minister, M. Dupuy, and the Minister of the Colonies, M. Delcassé, are each forty-two years old; M. Hanotaux, the Foreign Minister, is forty; M. Leygues, Minister of Public Instruction, is thirty-seven; M. Poincaré, Minister of Finance, is thirty-three; and M. Barthou, Minister of Public Works, but thirty-one.

—Queen Victoria, whose seventy-fifth birthday has just been celebrated, is, with the exception of the Pope and King Christian IX. of Denmark, the oldest sovereign of Europe. The Queen will have to live two years longer to distance the length of days of George II., and seven years longer to outstrip George III. The latter's reign was two years longer than Queen Victoria's has been, but as during nine years of George III.'s life Great Britain was under a regency, the present reign surpasses his in actual government.

—It may not be generally known that in his younger days King Oscar of Sweden was one of the first tenors in Europe, and, had he been obliged to earn his living, might easily have done so. His literary ability, however, is well known. The King enjoys sending anonymous manuscripts to magazines in and out of his own country, which see the light by sheer force of merit, though the royal writer sometimes shares the fate of most authors in being "turned down." There is, of course, eager competition for his signed articles. One on Charles XII. has just appeared in a London review.

—The Minister of Foreign Affairs in the new French Cabinet, M. Hanotaux, is a man almost unknown to the outside world. At home his reputation has never been that of a practical diplomat, although he has had plenty of experience both in service abroad and in the Foreign Office at Paris. Hitherto his fame among Frenchmen has been almost wholly that of an archivist or a savant. His knowledge of Assyrian antiquities is profound, and he has published works on Babylon and Nineveh. His best-known book, however, is one concerning his own country, and is entitled "Studies of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries in France."

—The German Emperor has shown unusual tact in his disposition of the gallery of paintings willed by the poet Count Frederick von Schack to Germany. As is well known, the people of Munich are among the most ardent lovers of pictures in all Europe, and there has been great anxiety felt lest the Schack pictures might be forthwith transported to the Royal or to the National Gallery in Berlin. They are now proportionately jubilant at the Kaiser's announcement that he has purchased the building in Munich in which the pictures are hung, in order that they might "have in the beautiful city a home in which every lover of art would be welcome." This means not only that the gallery will remain in Munich, but also that by this expenditure from his own pocket the clever Kaiser has done more than much attempted legislation might accomplish to increase the somewhat lukewarm loyalty of the South Germans towards the Hohenzollern dynasty.

—Professor James D. Dana, who for forty-four years has been at the head of the Department of Geology and Mineralogy at Yale, has resigned, and the Corporation has elected him Professor Emeritus. His principal publications are: "A System of Mineralogy." "Coral Reefs and Islands," "Manual of Geology," "Text-book of Geology," "The Four Rocks," "Walks and Drives About New Haven," and "Volcanoes." Professor Dana was born in Utica, N. Y., in 1813. He was graduated in his twenty-first year, and in the Wilkes exploring expedition of 1838–42 was its geologist. In 1850 he became Silliman Professor of Natural History and Geology at Yale, this title being changed as indicated in the following year. The Rochester "Post-Express" says:

"Jimmie," as Professor Dana is called by the students, has been known for years to every one in New Haven. In the course of a pleasant day the old geologist may, or might two years ago, be seen walking across the campus half a dozen times. He stepped lightly as a boy, seldom looking to right or left. His nose is long and aquiline, his chin and lips are always clean-shaven, and his face is brown as a sailor's. It may be years of study have not bleached the tan of the early voyages. A shock of white hair, seemingly innocent of the comb, tosses about his head. His eye is piercing. Few teachers have been more popular with their scholars than Professor Dana, and it is probable few have cared less for popularity. He knew few of the undergraduates by name. Indeed, when he had finished the introduction to a lecture and fairly launched himself into the discussion of his beloved rocks, Professor Dana seemed to lose consciousness that he was speaking to a class. At such times he would stumble over the chairs on the platform, relapse into long periods of silence, or harangue the blackboard till the bell sounded.

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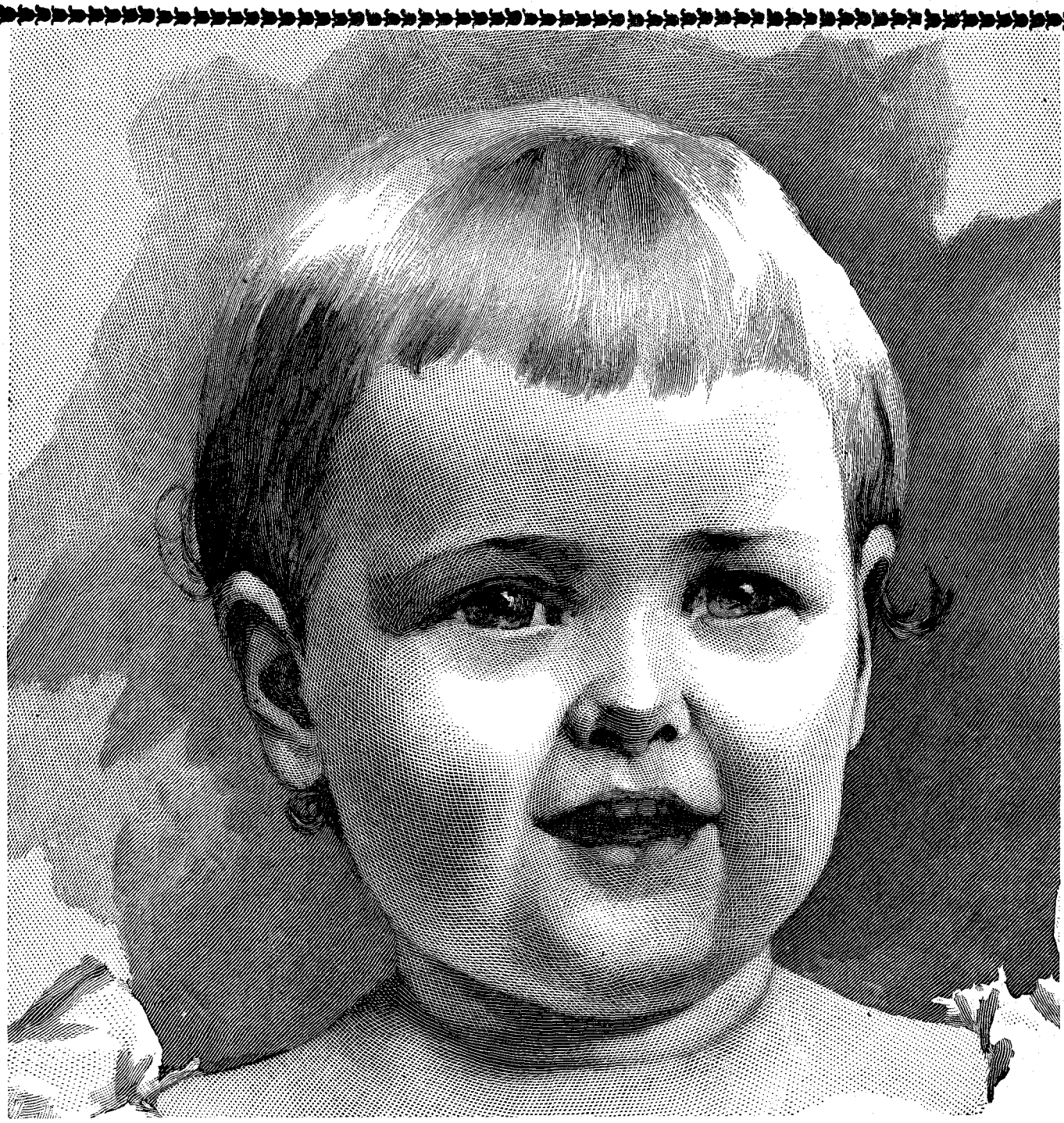

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